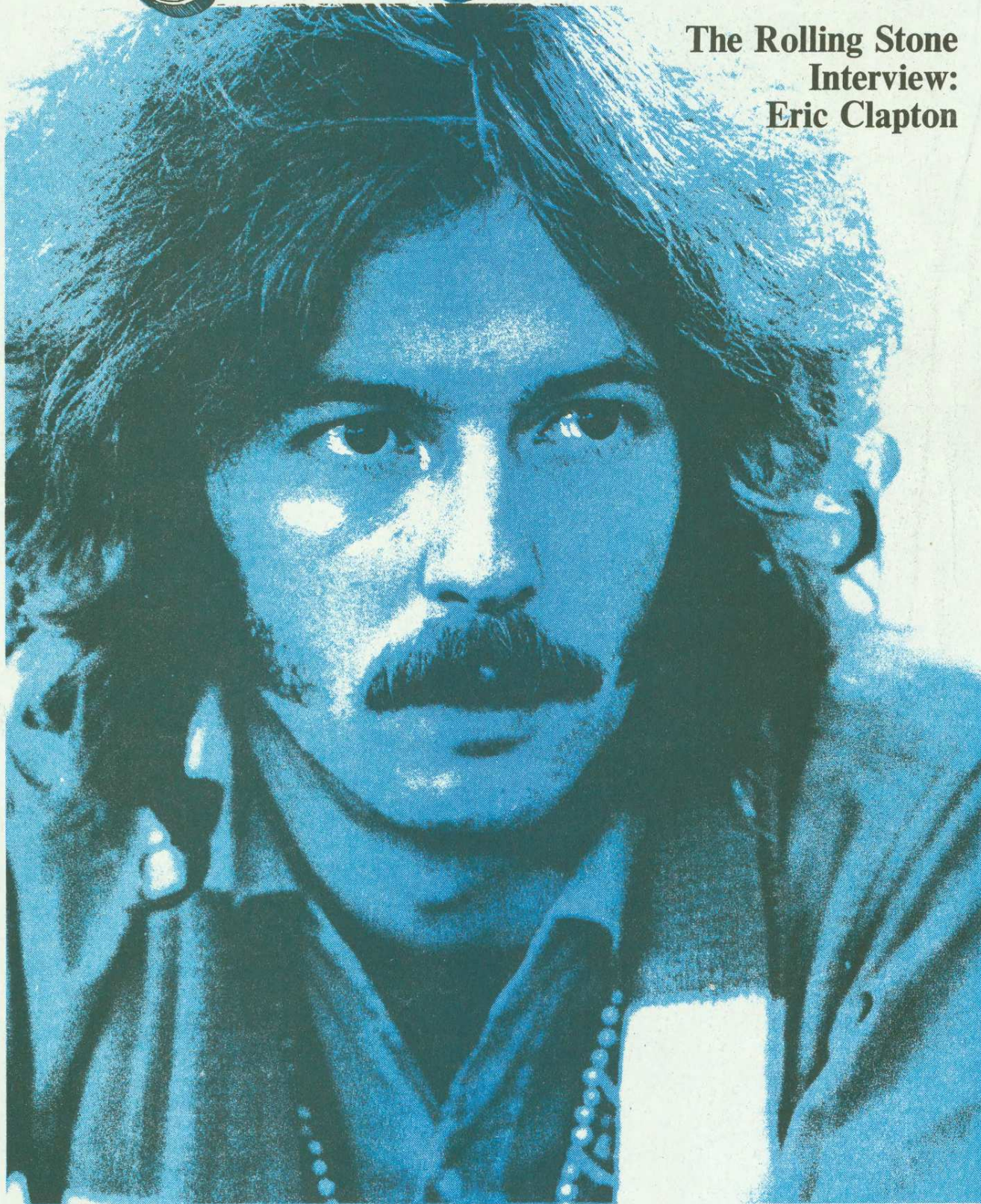


ACME

MAY 11, 1968, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

# ROLLING STONE

The Rolling Stone  
Interview:  
Eric Clapton



LINDA EASTMAN



## MUSICIANS REJECT NEW POLITICAL EXPLOITERS

### Groups Drop Out from Chicago Yip-In

BY JANN WENNER

A self-appointed coterie of political "radicals" without a legitimate constituency has formed itself into a "Youth International Party," opened up offices in New York City and begun a blitzkrieg campaign to organize a "hip" protest at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago during August. Their techniques are as old fashioned as those of any city-boss politician, as up-to-date as the cleverest Madison Avenue "media buyer" and as brassy as any show biz promotion man. It looks like a shuck.

What makes this otherwise transparent event worthy of notice is that these left-over radical politicians will rise and fall on their ability to exploit the image and popularity of rock and roll.

They have even created a name for themselves, which they themselves have characterized as a "natural media manipulator." They must never have heard Bob Dylan sing "Don't follow leaders, watch your parking meters." They ask to be labeled "Yippies."

The "Yip Party" has taken form through a series of articles written by 28-year-old Jerry Rubin, a radical political organizer, once the leader of the Vietnam Day Committee, a protest group which succeeded in stopping a few troop trains, nearly bringing violent bloodshed twice to the Oakland-Berkeley area and turning most all the questioning young people in the Bay Area at that time off to politics.

The Yip protest—in methods and means—is as corrupt as the political machine it hopes to disrupt.

They hope to cause a migration to Chicago during the convention and hold a "festival." They have announced that they expect to attract "100,000 to one million" people to demonstrate and disrupt the convention and the civic activities of Chicago, and, according to Rubin's own inside info, 100,000 of that million will burn their draft cards.

The physical objections to this are of some importance. In the first place, the Chicago Police Department has already begun recruiting a 1,000 man volunteer posse to deal with any disturbances this summer. Chicago is a brutal, uptight town, already seething with hatred of many sorts. Second, Chicago is a city already marked for racial trouble come July, August and the convention. Dick Gregory ("the convention will be held over my dead body"), whom the Yip Party has not bothered consulting, is going to have little use for Rubin and his activist friends.

Although it is obvious that the number of people who might eventually come won't even approach 20,000, what you do with that large a number of people is a serious question. If you are going to have a festival, you get a place to hold it. If it is supposed to last more than a day, you must have a place to stay. Of this, Rubin has said, "The Chicago power structure, especially Mayor Daley (and who knows what promises Daley made to the Democratic Party and Lyndon Johnson to guarantee a peaceful site for the convention) is not going to be thrilled about our using Grant Park. But with hundreds of thousands of us, what are they going to do?"

This type of thinking is at the base



CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMAN

of the recklessness and thorough lack of moral compunction that characterizes the "Yip Party." What indeed are they "going to do." Rubin had better find out, because he has invited a hell of a lot of people to serious injury and possible death. He had better find out, because it may not turn out to be as "fun" as he is touting it to be.

What is likely that they are "going to do" was foreshadowed in New York City at the end of March. The "Yip Party" advertised a "Yip In" at Grand Central Station one night. Their formless publicity described what they hoped to happen: "It's a spring mating service celebrating the equinox; back-scratching party; a roller-skating rink; a theatre, with you, performer and audience."

What happened was described a day later in an article by Don McNeill in the *Village Voice*. "The arrest procedure followed a brutal pattern. Most of the people arrested were automatically beaten with nightsticks. A youth was arrested near the escalator and was dragged across the terminal, screaming with pain while police kicked him in the groin. He finally collapsed..."

"Ronald Shea, 22, was shoved by police through a plate glass door. He raised his hands to protect his face and the broken glass severed every essential tendon and nerve in his left hand. In six months, doctors at Roosevelt Hospital say, he may regain partial use of his hand..."

"At another point the police made a charge toward the west side of the terminal and a soda bottle came flying out of the crowd, striking a cop. Five cops grabbed a kid—the wrong one — and began beating him with nightsticks. While the kid screamed 'I didn't do it' and 'It wasn't me,' the crowd shouted 'Seig Heil.' Still the beating continued. Some other cops approached and tried to stop the beating and then a police captain approached and made the guise of breaking it up. Jon Moore, 17, who was now hunched over protecting his head and groin, looked up and the captain grabbed his head and cracked it against the iron grating of the door, cursing 'you son of a bitch.' The

### KMPX Strikers Fired, Then Charged With Conspiracy; FCC May Investigate

The Federal Communications Commission has received a telegram urging an investigation of the "license qualifications" of radio station KMPX in San Francisco and several of its employees. The telegram, sent by Ben Patch, at one time a salesman for the station, came at a time, when all of the disc jockeys, engineers and clerical personnel who had made KMPX the country's outstanding rock station were on strike.

Patch charged that Tom Donahue, former program director, and Milan Melvin, former sales manager—both of whom had resigned under protest two days before the strike—had entered into a conspiracy with KFRC, and other network stations to "suppress competition." He claimed that the strike was merely a ploy to force KMPX's owner Lee Crosby to sell the station to Donahue and his backers.

The strikers have openly discussed plans to buy KMPX or another FM

outlet in the Bay Area, but they dismissed the charges of conspiracy as "ridiculous" and suggested that Patch may have been put up to sending the telegram by station management.

On the same day (April 12) that the telegram was sent, owner Crosby mailed out some communications of his own—notice of replacement to all striking personnel. The notices were the equivalent of a mass firing.

Bob "Two-a-Day" McClay, a disc jockey and a spokesman for the strikers, said, "We've been expecting this for a while. The people at KPCC [in Los Angeles, also on strike] were fired two weeks ago. But we still have the support of the advertisers and we're going to keep putting on the pressure."

For more details and earlier developments in the five-week-old dispute see Page 4.

captain then turned away, brushing his hands, and Moore was taken out of the station. He was later charged with felonious assault. By 4:15 a.m. Grand Central Station was empty."

Reporter McNeill himself was pushed into a glass door by police and received five stitches. And this is what Jerry Rubin and his "Yip Party" said would be a "back-scratching party, a roller skating rink."

And when asked about Grant Park in Chicago—and whether the city of Chicago has granted a permit—Rubin can only say "But with hundreds of thousands of us, what are they going to do?" What are they going to do, indeed?

The Yip Party is using two approaches to lure people to Chicago: media gamesmanship and grasping to itself the potent charm of the music of the young.

What everyone has come to realize

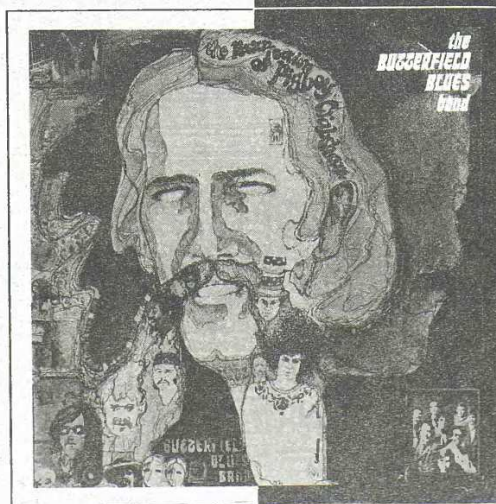
about media—a word overworked to the point of intellectual pretension—is that that the fact of coverage determines the existence of the news. If an event is not covered and reported in the newspapers or on television, it simply did not happen. For example, when 275 kids were arrested in front of Canter's Delicatessen in L.A. one summer night two years ago, and not a word of it was reported in the local press, it simply did not happen. Conversely, something that didn't happen can be made to have happened; thus the "Gulf of Tonkin incident," a patent fraud which, until the facts were uncovered, was a "North Vietnamese attack on American ships on the high seas," an "Act of War" and the basis for the escalation of the war.

In a similar way, in the last few

—Continued on Page 22



# BETTER BUTTER BOTH SIDES



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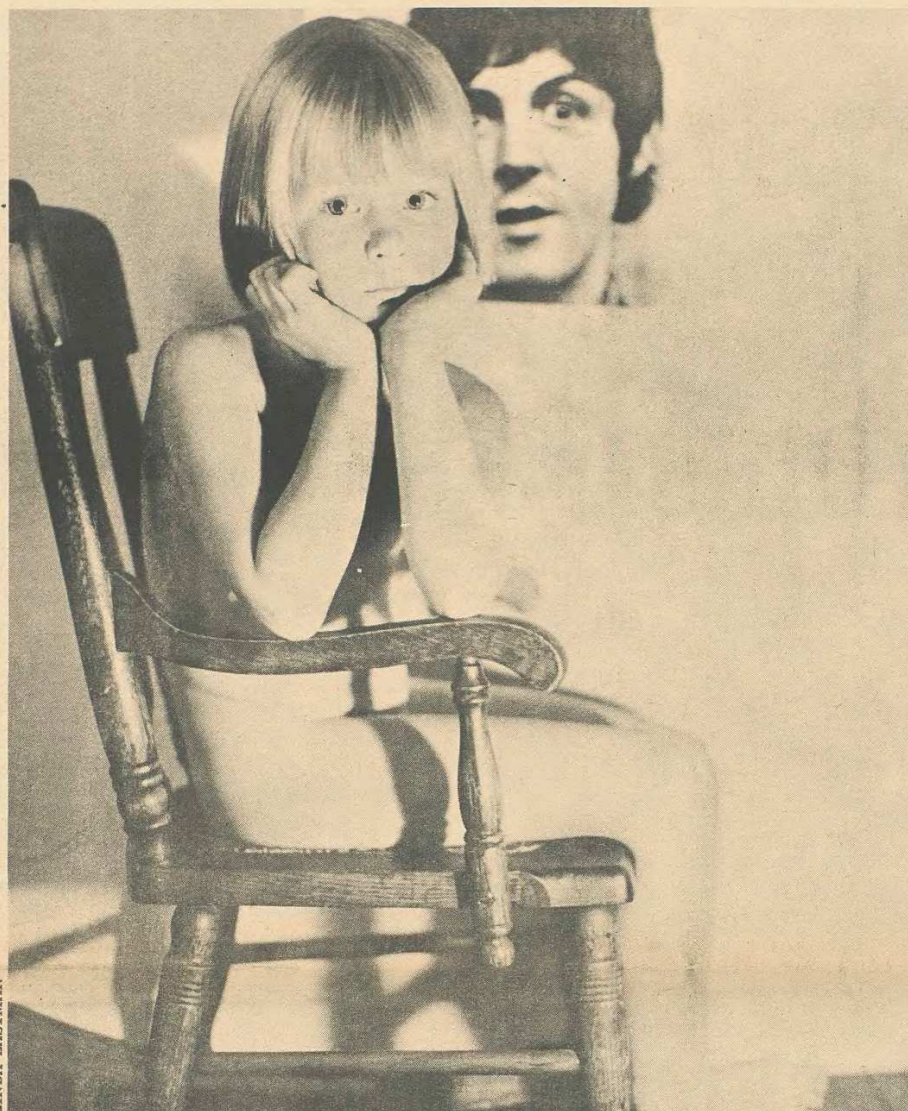
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LINDA EASTMAN

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Jann Wenner

CONSULTING EDITOR:  
Ralph J. Gleason

ART DIRECTOR:  
John Williams

PRODUCTION/ADVERTISING:  
Jerrold Greenberg

PHOTOGRAPHY:  
Baron Wolman

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:  
Janie Schindelheim  
Toni Kaufman  
Henri Napier

CIRCULATION:  
David Kane

NEW YORK: Sue C. Clark  
BOSTON: Jon Landau  
LOS ANGELES: Jerry Hopkins  
LONDON: Jonathan Cott

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## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

### SIRS:

Speaking of hype in the Boston scene, Jon Landau knows how to give it. I know the Remains were probably one of the best rock groups to ever come out of Boston—but they aren't the only ones. I know the Beacon Street Union and Eden's Children sound better live but is the material on the albums all that bad? I think it best if Landau comes out of his soul bag and takes a breath of that Boston air.

Boston is a blues city, second to Frisco, but like Frisco everything coming out of Boston is not blues. For once the Boston music scene is being noticed, noticed by the nation. Folk is gone (but not completely). The Remains and Lost are gone. They are history. The rigor mortis of these pioneer rock groups exploded a city into a rock scene. It's not an MGM thing or a WBZ thing—it's a citywide thing—by word of mouth alone it evolved. Today music in Boston is beyond 1965-67. It's 1968-69.

Blues are big. Experimental rock is big. Rock 'n' roll is big. Boston is universally christened with a wide variety of talents. Promotion? Compare Boston promotion with the scene in Frisco and New York. Everything needs promotion and with the little Boston received it's doing rather well.

Experimental or avant garde — Ultimate Spinach, Phlup, Lother & the Hand People. Hard Rock-Beacon Street Union, Erotikos and Catnip. Folk-rock — Apple Pie Motherhood Band, Earth Opera, Tim Clover, Orpheus, Orphans. Electric Blues — Hallucination, Bagatelle, Colt Brothers Conception, Steve Colt & the 45s. Urban Blues — Colwell-Winfield

Blues Band, Eden's Children, Butter, J. Giles Blues Band. That's not hype. I think, to write a column on any scene, one should not be biased to any one bag. Landau's seems to be soul & blues, so only soul and blues seem to have an appeal on him.

Open your eyes. Dick Summer at WBZ over-did the bit about wearing an 'S', say only the good of Boston rock, etc. But he was a pioneer in ugly radio. When WBZ switched from rock to easy-listening, Summer fought them 'til the end. An Eden's Children cut next to Matt Monroe. That's hype? FM radio has arrived in Boston. WTBS-FM is probably the best example of progressive rock programming on the air despite the fact they are a college (MIT) station. WBCN-FM dropped a classical format for progressive rock from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M. WBUR-FM has Uncle T, who despite his ego-tripping, is a fairly decent jock when he wants to be (his views on Boston are somewhat similar to Landau's). WERS-FM programs rock on Saturday nights and WILD, a daytime R&B outlet, has added on an hour of progressive rock per day in the form of Brother Love. Boston is not modest as far as format either. The Fugs, Mothers and Steppenwolf are played in their entirety. Whether the FCC will step in is another thing.

Landau is submerged into the Boston Tea Party. There are more good outlets such as the Catacombs, the Surfs, Psychedelic Supermarket, Cambridge Electric Ballroom, and the Boston Arts Project (which is not only into concerts but lets cats jam, make experimental music, modeling,

etc. for the membership price of one buck to make it legal).

Landau mentioned "Avatar" and "Vibrations." He failed to mention "New England Scene" and "Le Chronicle," not to mention the up and coming "Boston Free Press," as publications.

Boston has fought through a long and cold winter to create a scene worthy of good mention. Nobody dances in Boston because they use their ears as a means of feeling. Hype, I doubt it.

This summer, rock concerts at the Boston & Cambridge Commons are planned weekly as well as smoke-ins and live-ins. The Boston sound is not premature, perhaps it is overdue.

JOHN GORMAN  
BOSTON, MASS.

### SIRS:

I would like to take this opportunity to answer the letter written by Chris Strachwitz, which appeared in Rolling Stone issue April 6, 1968. In answering Mr. Strachwitz I would like to address him as "Chris" as I know him personally, and like him as a person, and respect what he does in his chosen profession.

In answer to his point No. 1: Don Ellis and/or his orchestra have never appeared at the Fillmore. But beside the names that he mentioned, the following have also appeared: John Handy, John Hendricks Trio, Elvin Jones, Hugh Masekela, Charles Lloyd, Gabor Szabo, Cannonball Adderley, and Big Black. Buddy Rich and his 21-piece orchestra are scheduled in early June on a bill with Mothers of Invention and B. B. King.

Archie Shepp has not been asked to appear at the Fillmore, nor have the other people Chris has mentioned. I think a producer has the right to choose what he feels should be presented to the public—for their sake first and for his sake second.

Chris' No. 2 question I find rather offensive. I cannot make comment on what other establishments are attempting to present. However, I should like to make a partial list of some of the individuals and groups that have appeared at the Fillmore in recent years, artists who do not fall into the rock category: Otis Redding, James Cotton, Allen Ginsberg, production of "The Beard," production of Leroy Jones' "The Dutchman," flamenco guitarist Manitas de Plata, Lenny Bruce, Bola Sete, Sam & Dave, poet Andrei Voznesensky, the Andy Warhol garbage, poet Gary Snyder, Stokely Carmichael, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry, guitarist Sandy Bull, Muddy Waters, Jim Kweskin Jug Band, Phil Ochs, Martha and the Vandellas, B. B. King, Arlo Guthrie, Donovan, Richie Havens, the LDM Indian Spiritual Band, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker, Albert King, and Otis Rush. I sincerely feel that the above cover a fairly wide spectrum of music, as well as artists in general.

Scheduled to appear in the weeks to come are: Booker T. and the MG's, the Staple Singers, Kenny Rankin, Albert Collins, the Incredible String Band, and the above-mentioned Buddy Rich Orchestra.

We have had, and always hope to have, great respect and admiration for people like Chris; but I

—Continued on Page 22



## FLASHES:

### Clapton to Have Day in Court

Eric Clapton of the Cream and three members of the Buffalo Springfield are set to go on trial the end of May following a marijuana bust in Los Angeles in March.

Clapton, along with Neil Young, Richie Furay and Jim Messina, were charged March 20 under a state Health and Safety law that makes it a misdemeanor to be present where marijuana is being used. They were arrested, with several others, in the Topanga Canyon section north of the city when Los Angeles County sheriff's deputies answered what they called a "noisy party" complaint.

Maximum penalty for this offense is \$500 fine or six months in county jail, or both, although sentence could be suspended. It is generally considered a minor

bust, except that in this case, if found guilty, Clapton, an alien, could be taken before the Federal Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization and possibly deported.

Clapton is being represented by L.A. attorney Bob Fitzpatrick, who is serving unofficially as Cream's manager during the group's current North American tour. He was not available for comment, but Ludwig Gerber, another attorney in Fitzpatrick's office, said, "I see no chance at all of a conviction. The evidence is quite questionable. Eric was arrested under a vague and peculiar California law. We are concerned about all this, of course, but we are not worried."

Attorney for the Buffalo Springfield, Irwin Spiegel, was not available for comment.

### Spanish Island Site of Musica '68

An international festival of jazz and popular music, has been set for Majorca in Spain from July 22 to 27. It is being sponsored, booked and managed by NEMS Enterprises, the firm the late Brian Epstein founded.

So far the following artists are committed to appearances at the five-day event: Byrds, Jimi Hendrix, the Animals, Grapefruit, Georgie Fame, Donovan, Francoise Hardy, Brook Benton,

Count Basie, the Incredible String Band, Bill Evans Trio, Maynard Ferguson, Gene Pitney and Scott Walker.

The roster of artists is not yet complete and others will probably be added before the festival occurs. Majorca, where the event is being held, is a fairly noteworthy vacation spot and several years ago enjoyed the reputation of being the between-tours resting place of many rock and roll groups.

### Ray Charles Heads Newport Festival

Ray Charles and Dionne Warwick will highlight the fifteenth annual Newport Jazz Festival opening July 4. They are the first major artists signed for the four-day program.

Charles is returning to Newport after an absence of eight years. He will perform a program entitled "An Afternoon With Ray Charles At The Newport Jazz Festival." Miss Warwick will be making her first festival appearance.

### Elektra Opening L.A. Complex

Elektra Records is opening a new recording studio-office building on La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles this month. Jac Holzman, president of the company, claims that the studio will be the world's most complete. The control console was custom built in England; other equipment includes a Moog synthesizer and ten channels of Dolby units. There are four matched stereo chambers on the building's second floor. The studios have multi-colored sound absorbing panels

and colored spotlights for musicians who like to trip out behind that sort of thing.

A second building, to be completed early next year, will have more studios and rooftop studio apartments for use by groups from out of town. Elektra's current L.A. rental office headquarters, which are best described as "quaint," are being abandoned without regret by David Anderle, the firm's West Coast director. "I think we can force ourselves to adjust," he said sardonically.

### Maharishi Has Hopes for SRO Crowds

The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Guru to the Stars, has cabled his approval for a 17-day cross-country tour of the United States with the Beach Boys. The tour opens in New York City on May 3 and continues through May 20, making stops in Philadelphia, Washington, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, South Bend, Bloomington, Chicago, Madison, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Phoenix and Los Angeles.

Mike Love, a member of the Beach Boys was instrumental in setting up the gigs. He had been studying with the Maharishi in India (at the same time as members of the Beatles, Donovan and Mia Farrow) and proposed many

projects for the Maharishi's consideration. This tour is the first. A huge "Festival of Peace" somewhere in England later this year or next is a possible other adventure.

The Maharishi has apparently renounced his intentions of withdrawing into silence this year as he had earlier told the press. When a reporter for the New York Times questioned him on the matter, the Maharishi asked the reporter "Have you seen Life this week?" The reporter, expecting a profound statement to follow, replied negatively. The Maharishi then said "They did a four page color spread on me."

## KMPX DISPUTE: SCAB PROGRAM DIRECTOR RESIGNS ON THE AIR

### SCAB



Larry Miller leaflet circulated by the strikers

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

#### SAN FRANCISCO

The five-week old strike at pioneer "progressive rock" station KMPX spun haplessly into a complicated new phase last week with the mind-boggling activities of Larry Miller, who flew in from Detroit, became a strike-breaking Program Director and then dramatically quit on the air two days later.

Miller was the first "hip" jock on KMPX and his all-night show was the style-setter of the "underground" radio format now being adopted by a growing number of stations throughout the country. He was brought from his Detroit home March 30, at management's expense, setting off a chain of bizarre victories and weird setbacks for both management and the strikers.

Upon arrival in San Francisco, he met with Lee Crosby, owner of the two striking stations (KMPX as well as KPCC in Pasadena), to consider an offer to become program director of both stations. Miller, after several meetings, rejected the offer. He explained seemingly, that "I couldn't accept the offer unless the strike is resolved. I couldn't go against public opinion."

Then, only a week after the KMPX strike fund benefit and birthday party at Winterland (the station's all rock policy began last April 3; Bill Graham provided the huge hall gratis to the strikers; the show, featuring the Grateful Dead, Moby Grape and the Electric Flag, was a fantastic success both musically and socially) where he got up on stage with the striking employees to prolonged applause, Miller accepted the position of Program Director and began broadcasting a regularly scheduled program.

"Last week I publicly lent my support to the KMPX strikers," said Miller in a mimeographed statement, "and stood with them on the stage at Winterland because I accepted the validity of their cause. However since that time, I have investigated the situation more thoroughly and have been forced to re-evaluate my position."

But Miller wasn't through yet. Bugged by the cacophonous response of the strikers picketing the station and by acid-sharp put-downs in the press, he issued a bitter, five-minute long resignation at the end of his second night at work.

After blaming both management and strikers for making the strike a "total and complete absurdity," he admitted wanting to advance his own career by his actions as a scab. "But the strikers are no different," he said, referring to their demands for higher salaries as one principal grievance. "Lord help me for having a little ego."

If someone else does, it's okay. But me, no."

It wasn't the reaction of the strikers, per se, that got to Miller. But it was the strength of the reaction that moved him to his final "re-evaluation." "I'd rather face Detroit and the racial hatred there than my own friends in front of the station," he said.

So, what began as a fairly uncomplicated labor-vs.-management dispute has snowballed into a monumental, intrigue-cluttered struggle. Among other new factors: a bulky, 18-page contract proposal, the firing of the entire KPCC staff, official support from AFTRA, and talk about the strikers buying and operating a station of their own.

The employees (30 at KMPX; 20 at KPCC) are protesting low wages, bouncing paychecks, and "interference of artistic and personal freedoms" by management (owner Leon Crosby and company attorney Harry Rogers).

The 18-page package of strike demands now covers the usual employee concerns: wages, hours, overtime/holiday pay. Double time was asked for all days on which an eclipse took place. Management is reportedly favorable to clauses maintaining freedom in dress and appearance, but, Miller said, are adamantly against rehiring Donahue, and will fight the strikers' demand for the right to name their own "executives"—a "senior announcer," "senior engineer," and "senior sales representative." The titles are seen as fronts for the slots of PD, Chief Engineer, and Sales Manager. Control over these three major departments was an igniting point for the walkout.

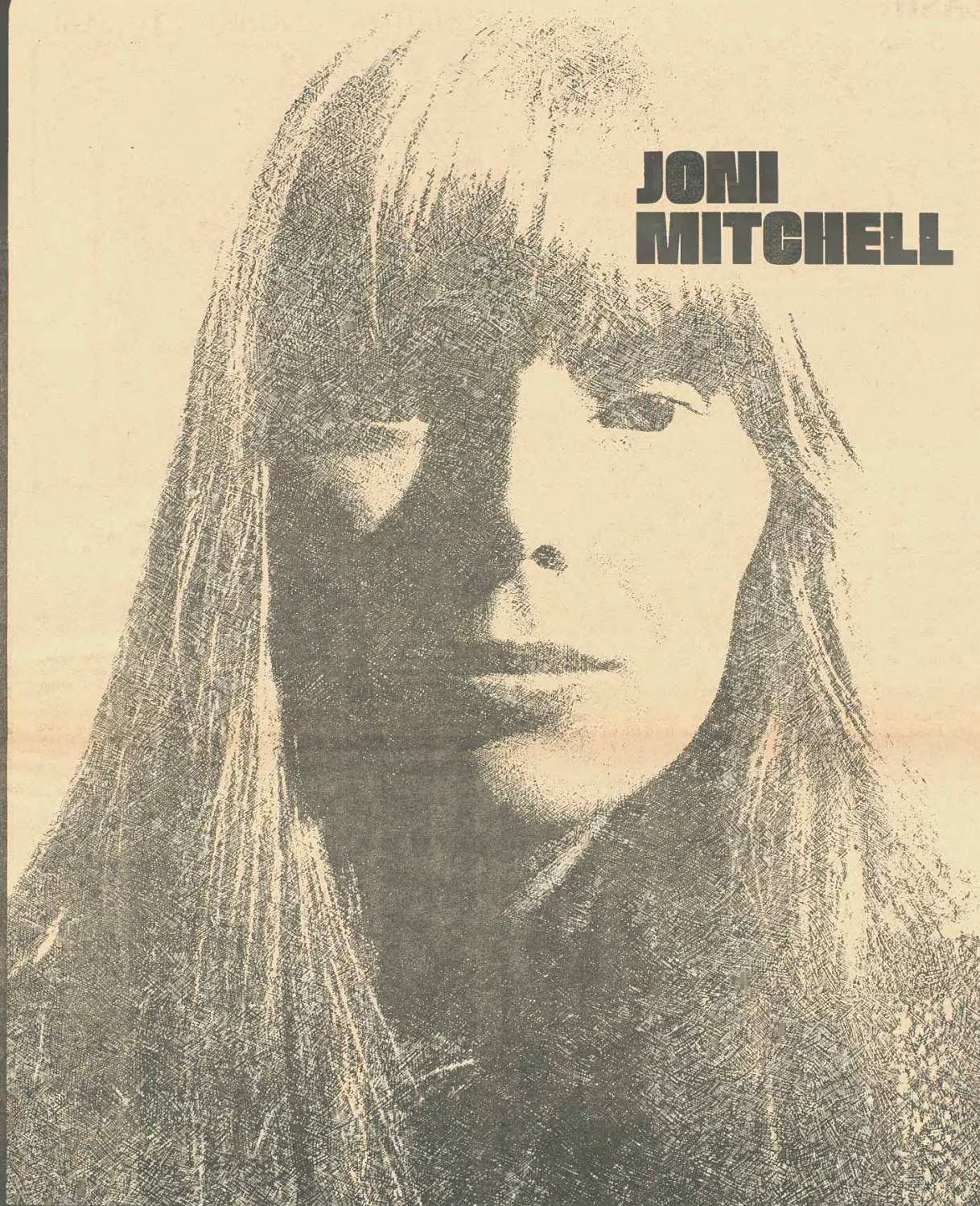
Negotiation meetings began five days after the walkouts, but they've been sporadic and unproductive. The strikers issued a voluminous package of proposals on April 2 but so far, according to KMPX announcer Bob McClay, management has yet to come forth with promised counter-proposals.

As has been their fashion since the March 18 walkout, both Crosby and KMPX station manager Ron Hunt have refused comment on all matters, ranging from their hiring formerly-fired DJ Miller back as Program Director, to an incident at the San Francisco picket line between Hunt and striker Gus Gossert. Hunt allegedly socked Gossert in the face, and the struck striker, a part-time announcer at KMPX, is planning to press assault charges.

The strikers have received the official support of AFTRA (American Federation of Television and Radio Artists), joining a long list of advertisers, artists and record companies supporting the strikers.



# JONI MITCHELL



JONI MITCHELL RS 6293

"There's a man who's been out sailing  
In a decade full of dreams  
And he takes her to a schooner  
And he treats her like a queen  
Bearing beads from California  
With their amber stones and green  
He has call her from the harbor  
He has kissed her with his freedom  
He has heard her off to starboard  
In the breaking and the breathing  
Of the water weeds  
While she's so busy being free"

Joni Mitchell



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## RECENT LP RELEASES:

- Ali Akbar-Khan: *The Classical Music of India* (Prestige 7544)  
 Appletree Theatre: *Playback* (Verve/Forecast FTS 3042)  
 Bauls of Bengal: *Bauls of Bengal* (Elektra FKS 7325)  
 Blue Cheer: *Vincebus Eruptum* (Philips PHS 600-264)  
 Blood, Sweat & Tears: *Child Is Father to the Man* (Columbia CS9619)  
 Bob Crewe Generation: *Music to Watch Birds By* (Dynovoice DY1902)  
 Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band: *Gorilla* (Imperial LP12370)  
 Booker T. and the MG's: *Doin' Our Thing* (Stax S724)  
 Tommy Boyce & Bobby Hart: *I Wonder What She's Doing Tonight* (A&M SP4143)  
 Bunky and Jake: *Bunky and Jake* (Mercury SR 61142)  
 Candymen: *The Candymen Bring You Candypower* (ABC ABCS 633)  
 Canned Heat: *Boogie With Canned Heat* (Liberty LST 7541)  
 Miles Davis: *Nefertiti* (Columbia CS 9594)  
 Doctor John: *The Night Tripper Gris Gris* (ATCO SD 33-234)  
 Donovan: *Like It Is, Was and Evermore Shall Be* (Hickory LPS 143)  
 Electric Flag: *A Long Time Comin'* (Columbia CS 9597)  
 Aretha Franklin: *Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits Vol. II* (Columbia CS9601)  
 National Gallery: *National Gallery* (Philips PHS 600266)  
 Great Society: *Conspicuous Only in Its Absence* (Columbia CS 9624)  
 Griffin: *The World's Filled With Love* (ABC S-634)  
 Buddy Guy: *A Man and the Blues* (Vanguard VSD 79272)  
 Haphash and the Colored Coat: *Haphash and the Colored Coat* (Imperial LP 12377)  
 Harumi: *Harumi* (Verve/Forecast FTS 3030 2J)  
 Hello People: *The Hello People* (Philips PHS 600-265)  
 Hour Glass: *Power of Love* (Liberty LST 7555)  
 Impressions: *We're A Winner* (ABC ABCS 635)  
 Kweskin Jug Band: *The Best of Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band* (Vanguard 79279)  
 Charles Lloyd: *Charles Lloyd in Europe* (Atlantic SD 1500)  
 Moody Blues: *Days of Future Passed* (Deram DES 18012)  
 Mothers of Invention: *We're Only in It for the Money* (Verve V8-5045)  
 Nice: *Thoughts of Emerlist Davjack* (Immediate Z12-52-004)  
 1910 Fruitgum Co.: *Simon Says* (Buddah 5010)  
 Laura Nyro: *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession* (Columbia CS-9626)  
 Otis Redding: *The Dock of the Bay* (Volt S419)  
 Tom Rush: *The Circle Game* (Elektra EKS 74018)  
 Savage Resurrection: *Savage Resurrection* (Mercury SR 61156)  
 Sly and the Family Stone: *Dance to the Music* (Epic 26731)  
 Small Faces: *There Are But Four Small Faces* (CBS Z12-52-002)  
 Smokey Robinson & the Miracles: *Smokey Robinson & the Miracles Greatest Hits II*  
 Spirit: *Spirit (Ode Z12-44004)*  
 Staple Singers: *For What It's Worth* (Epic BN 26332)  
 Stevie Wonder: *Stevie Wonder's Greatest Hits* (Tamla TS282)  
 T-Bone Walker: *The Truth* (Brunswick BL 754126)  
 Them: *Now and Them* (Tower ST 5104)  
 Tiny Tim: *God Bless Tiny Tim* (Reprise RS 6292)  
 Traffic: *Mr. Fantasy* (U.A.-6651)  
 Tremeloes: *Suddenly You Love Me* (Epic 26363)  
 United States of America: *United States of America* (Columbia CS9614)  
 Dave Van Ronk and the Hudson Dusters (Verve Forecast FTS 3041)  
 Velvet Underground: *White Light/White Heat* (Verve V65046)  
 Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and Bo Diddley: *Super Super Blues Band* (Checker LP33010)

## Errata:

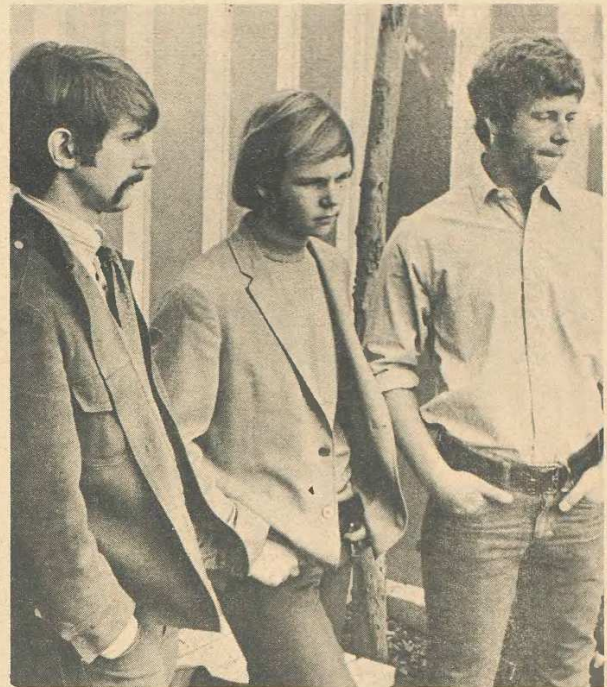
1) The owner of Paradise Island in the Bahamas ("Dead Head for Paradise and Points East" *Rolling Stone*, March 9) is millionaire Huntington Hartford, not multimillionaire Howard Hughes.

2) B. B. King and Albert King are half-brothers, not full brothers (see March 9 issue, Page 6).

3) Bill Graham did not require Jefferson Airplane to come

up with new material while on tour beyond normal expectations, as was reported in that issue.

4) The last sentence of the fourth paragraph of Jon Landau's review of the Byrds (April 27) should read: "It has a timelessness to it, not in the sense that you think their music will always be valid, but in the sense that it is capable of forcing you to suspend consciousness of time altogether."

McGUINN'S ROLE WITH NEW BYRDS  
CONTAINER FOR THE 'OLD' SOUND

BY JERRY HOPKINS

It was in a smallish night club on the Sunset Strip that the Byrds broke in their act and suddenly became the best-loved and most exciting group in Los Angeles. That was eight hit songs, six albums, countless conflicts and changes in personnel and personality, and a little over three years ago.

It is close to ironic that the "new Byrds" — a phrase Roger McGuinn uses these days — should make their first West Coast appearance at the same club, Ciro's. It is also interesting that the occasion for the appearance was a going-away party for Derek Taylor, the man who has worked for them hardest and stuck by them longest.

Long after Taylor had ceased being the Byrds' publicist, he said about Los Angeles, "It's a marvelously public place for suicide. How often have the Byrds cut their wrists in front of us in the Whisky-a-Go Go and in the Trip . . . ?" He referred, of course, to the chaos of the early Byrds — Roger (then Jim) McGuinn, Mike Clark, Chris Hillman, Gene Clarke and David Crosby. He referred to a situation that often caused the Byrds to provide sets noted for excessive tuning, instrumental braggadocio, barely adequate voicing, and plenty of backstabbing, intentional musical fluffs.

Today only Hillman, on bass, and McGuinn, on lead guitar, remain, with Kevin Kelly on drums and Graham Parsons on keyboard and acoustic guitar, making the group a quartet. To hear them play and to hear the members of the group talk about themselves, the days of war seem past; the "new" Byrds are a group at last, a combination of musicians and friends, not just a combo of personalities.

A few days before the party at Ciro's, Roger put it this way: "There are fewer hang-ups now. Before, we had some stars to contend with. It's much tighter now. The new group is better in person than the old one. There are fewer errors. There's no grandstanding. Nobody's doing the watch-me-catch-this-one bit. The music's better."

"We just finished a tour of Eastern schools. Columbia. Amherst. Salem College. MIT. And we started getting encores and standing ovations. We got a standing ovation at MIT! That never really happened before."

About David Crosby, who was once the major irritant in the group and left the Byrds several months ago at

Roger's insistence, Roger now says, almost sadly, "It's too bad we had to lose his musical abilities."

Crosby's leaving the Byrds came after Gene Clark left and although a new album, *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*, was on the stands picturing the group as a trio, suddenly the Byrds were two.

Then Kevin Kelly replaced Mike Clark on drums. Kevin had played with Taj Mahal and the Rising Sons some years earlier, but had stayed away from groups, studying music at Los Angeles City College.

Kevin said last week: "One of the reasons I didn't get involved with another group was that I was looking for communication — communication within the group itself. The group's together now. We get along personally as well as professionally. So what happens is, we can make better music. I think we have that spiritually fine quality groups need."

Next to join the Byrds — about six weeks ago — was Graham Parsons, formerly the composer-arranger of the International Submarine Band. Roger said Graham had helped the group to shape itself musically.

"Graham added a whole hunk of country," he said. "Graham's bag is country and we're going to let him do his thing, and support him and work together on things."

Which is not to say the Byrds are now a country or bluegrass band, although that is (and always has been) part of what the Byrds were like. Chris Hillman came to the Byrds from a bluegrass group, with whom he played mandolin. Others in the early group had similar experience.

"I don't really see us as a 'new' group," Roger said. "The personnel hasn't changed totally. Chris and I are still there. I think we are the containers for the 'old' sound, and the new members augment that sound. We've grown, we've changed — that's all."

There is, however, a definite country emphasis in their sound — as evidenced in the songs they played at Ciro's and how they played them, and as evidenced in a recent week-long visit to Nashville. While in Nashville they recorded nine country and bluegrass tracks for their next album, and between sessions broke down South tradition and appeared on Grand Ole Opry.

"Columbia had to pull strings to get us on the bill," Roger said. "They don't fancy rock groups down there, not on Grand Ole Opry."

Continued on Page 22



# Dave Van Ronk goes all the way.

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## John J. Rock



**SILENCE IS GOLDEN:** Aretha Franklin is the first chick in the history of RIAA (the industry association) to receive five gold records for single hits, since they started giving out gold records ten years ago. Otis Redding is the first performer of any kind to receive a gold record posthumously. The song is "Dock of the Bay." . . . Meanwhile, Bob Dylan has gotten his fifth gold LP for *John Wesley Harding*.

**LADY MADONNA** is the 15th single record of the Beatles' to hit the number one position in the English hit parade charts. It has occasioned the usual "backwards or forwards" controversy among the minor lights in that country. Meanwhile Ringo, back early from India, has been running around London, giving frequent interviews and showing up at such places as the re-release premiere of "Around the World in 80 Days" in England and was seen dancing with such as Liz Taylor and Mia Farrow.

Donovan, who has also just returned from India, says that John Lennon and Paul McCartney, while they were in the Maharishi's compound, have written "at least 27 new songs. All of them are great."



BARON WOLMAN

**JANIS JOPLIN** is getting to be a legend in her own time. She may never make it on record — at least she hasn't so far — but she sure is going to make it on other peoples' records. Country Joe McDonald (himself married last week in San Francisco to Robin Menckey) was the first with a tribute to Janis, a song of that name issued as a single and on his group's last album. Since then, Al Kooper has credited her on the *Blood, Sweat & Tears* album for the shout ("well, alright!") on his song "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know." And Nick the Greek Gravenites, recently departed from the Electric Flag, calls our attention to Janis on a song he did on that album, "Wine." Of Janis he says "You ever hear of Janis Joplin? You know Janis Joplin! She'll tell you all about that wine . . ."

**FURTHER NOTES FROM NOWHERE:** Steve Miller flew into San Francisco for a day last week, having just returned to the United States from a few months in London. Steve and the group are spending a month on the road and doing Eastern gigs before returning to San Francisco. Steve brought the final mix of his new album with him. It sounds beautiful and somehow not what one would expect, but even better. Capitol will release the record on May 1. Steve said the first thing he wants to do when he gets here is set up a huge gig in the park.

Over a year since their first album, **THE GRATEFUL DEAD** have finally finished another and delivered the tapes to Warner Brothers (with whom they are not on speaking terms). Understandably put off, Warner Brothers want to get the LP out as soon as possible. The Dead ought to want the same thing too, to help get themselves out of the tremendous debts they have incurred in the last year.

**IF THERE IS A WORD** for British chutzpah, it must be the one used to describe publicist Derek Taylor. He threw himself a going away party last month in Los Angeles just before his return to London to work with the Beatles somewhere in the core of Apple. Derek charged \$5.50 per ticket admission to his party.

**THE DOORS**, despite the rumors, are not breaking up, although it appeared that they had good reason to do so. With Bill Siddon, formerly their road manager and now their regular manager, they have been on a trouble-free tour, including a date at the Fillmore East where they did a two hour set. In the fall, with Jefferson Airplane, they are scheduled to play various European and British dates, including filling 6000 holes in Albert Hall. Dozens of offers have besieged the Doors, including one from Desilu productions in Hollywood which wanted to do re-makes of the old swashbuckler flicks with Jim Morrison playing the roles of Douglas Fairbanks.

## R. I. P. FRANKIE LYMON 1942-1968



BY MIKE DALY

While Tin Pan Alley is busy aiming songs at teenagers these days, there's one group of teenagers busy aiming them right back—and scoring direct hits! They need no introduction but in case you haven't guessed who they are, here are a few clues:

None of the guys in this cool quint is over sixteen years old.

The top voice in the group is a hep little cat who hasn't reached his fourteenth birthday yet.

Right now they're tearing up the silver screen in the flick *Rock, Rock, Rock*.

Know who they are yet? Right you are—Frankie Lymon and The Teenagers! Only a long gone square could have flunked this cool quiz show, because these five youngsters are the very most when it comes to solid Rock 'n' Roll harmony, as evidenced by their hit platter "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" This "quintet of quintessence" is composed of Frankie Lymon, 13, lead singer; Sherman Garnes, 15, bass; Joe Negroni, 16, baritone; Herman Santiago, 16, first tenor; and Jimmy Merchant, 15, second tenor; all from the same neighborhood in New York's Harlem district.

Young Frankie wrote the tune himself. It seems he had his eye on a slick chick in his junior high class but the little gal didn't quite have the "big eyes" for little Frankie she told him to buzz off! Well, the broken-hearted youngster reacted like a true artist, he sat around the house for days, trying to write a love poem to describe his shattered romance. One phrase kept running through his head—"Why do fools fall in love?" His poem was eventually finished and Frankie and his pals decided to add some music to it. For a rehearsal hall they sat in front of the neighborhood soda shop and filled the air with song—a la Rock 'n' Roll. Everyone in the area enjoyed the free evening serenades, only trouble was that Frankie and the boys were getting nowhere, but fast. Nowhere, that is, until they were spotted by Richard Barrett, leader of The Valentines, who happened to be passing by one night. Richard, liking what he heard, thought the boys might have a chance of making it, with the right conditions. The Valentines were already waxing their own chart-toppers for Gee Records, and although he realized he might be letting himself in for some stiff competition, Richard nevertheless rushed the boys over to the Gee recording studios.

The record company heads, George Goldner and Joe Kilsky, literally "flipped their wigs" over the earnest warblings of the young group; Goldner couldn't believe his ears when they gave out with "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" "Who wrote it?" he asked excitedly, "it's a smash!" The group pointed proudly to half-pint Frankie who was grinning with impish delight. Now Kilsky couldn't believe it. "You mean this youngster wrote that tune?" he asked, aston-

ished; "you got any sheet music for it?" "Nope," said Frankie, "we don't know anything about written-down music!"

They recorded the song the next day, without a written arrangement, accompanied by Jimmy Wright and his orchestra. The platter was released on January 10, 1956, and scored immediately—perhaps because of the enthusiasm of the youngsters, the freshness of an on-the-spot arrangement, or the obvious sincerity of young Frankie's tenor plea. It was only when the record was nearing the number one slot in the top ten bracket that the sheet music was finally written down, by a professional arranger who listened to Frankie pick out the tune on an old studio piano.

The boys are still attending high school and getting good grades, but they sure don't have much time for after school activities now; they're too busy carving themselves a career in music. Since the day that "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" was released, The Teenagers have been working 'round the clock, and tunesmith Frankie has been compiling notebooks full of his "pretty ditties." Their TV appearances have included Ed Sullivan's famed "Toast of The Town" show and the "Shower of Stars." Personal appearances have included New York's famed Brooklyn Paramount and other theaters all over the country, as well as a tour of Europe, with their record-breaking engagement at the London Palladium. Alan Freed has taped them, along with Bill Haley and His Comets, to tour the country headlining "The Biggest Rock 'n' Roll Show of 1956." More than \$100,000 worth of tickets were sold at the first five engagements, quite a feat for five kids just getting up steam in the pro ranks of show business. In Freed's new movie, "Rock, Rock, Rock," the group does two new numbers which are expected to really steam up the nation's airwaves: "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent" and "Baby, Baby."

Yes, The Teenagers may have to change their name when they reach the twenty-year-old mark but it's for sure they'll still be going strong. There are lots more of Frankie's poems to be put to music yet and grooved onto wax. And, as the Junior Gee-man himself says, "I've got lots more buzzing around in my head."

Rondi rondi poppa tu  
The time went by so very slow  
I wanted to see that girlie so  
We had a coke and furthermore  
I carried her books up to the door  
She said I'll see you later  
Then my heart skipped a beat  
Chills ran from my spine to my feet  
I kissed her under the moon above  
And that was the start of a teenage  
love . . .  
Teenage Love . . .

Perhaps, as it might have for all of us, love meant more to Frankie Lymon in those days.



# DAVID BLUE



## DAVID BLUE



"As old as distance is to time  
A distance not to be seen  
Brings to these vagrant eyes  
A cure, my wound it heals  
For I had been stricken in my sight by melody  
And nothing..."

David Blue

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# PERSPECTIVES: STOP THIS SHUCK, MIKE BLOOMFIELD

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

This is a pretty weird world. Look at the late night movies and we're fighting the Japs and then in the newsreels they are our friends. Kinda screws up your head. One day Johnson is for war; next day he's for peace.

There seems to be very little certainty in this world but there is one thing I absolutely guarantee, come hell or high water, legalize pot and free Owsley: No matter how long he lives and how good he plays, Mike Bloomfield will never be a spade. You can count on that.

The whole history of American music stands there to testify that it won't rub off. Hundreds of thousands of civil rights groupies, YCL girls from the 40's, jazz fans and band chicks have tried it, and somehow or other it simply does not rub off.

Nor is it for hire, either.

White jazz musicians over the years have had the drive to sound black. The better they were, the more black they sounded. But, tragically enough, the better they were at sounding black, the less they were themselves and the more obviously they were an imitation.

George Shearing, a remarkably good pianist, hired a black rhythm section. Benny Goodman hired black soloists. Harry James, enraptured by the sound of Count Basie, hired Gus Johnson, to play drums and Ernie Wilkins to write arrangements. It came out like a good white band imitating Count Basie. Tommy Dorsey hired Sy Oliver away from Jimmie Lunceford to make the Dorsey band sound like Lunceford. It still sounded like Dorsey.

It is a simple historical fact and there is nothing that can be done about it.

One of the most encouraging things about the whole hippie scene, and the rock music of San Francisco which grew out of it, is that no one is really trying to be anything other than what he is. The white sons of middle class America who are in this thing are not ashamed of being white. They are the first American musicians, aside from the country & western players, who are not trying to sound black.

One may like or dislike the Jefferson Airplane but the Airplane does not sound like anybody else. And Marty Balin does not sound like a white kid trying to sound black.

When I first heard Paul Butterfield's band I was disappointed. Here, I thought, were good white musicians trying to sound black and a great guitar player trying to sound like a black man.

That was when the Chicago kids were trying to sound like Muddy Waters.

Now they are trying to sound like Wilson Pickett's and Otis Redding's bands. And it is a drag. It was a drag at the Monterey Pop Festival where the crowd was in favor of everything that happened

(it was such a groovy weekend) except the absolutely lowest, such as Laura Nyro and Hugh Masekela. Bloomfield may have been surprised that the crowd liked him, but I did not meet one musician that day who did not say to me how disappointed he was in the Electric Flag.

And I am still disappointed in them and the sad part of it is that the disappointment is made worse by the fact that they are, all of them, really heavy musicians. They ought to sound original and ought to be a gas but they are really only a good white band playing black music.

Even when Michael is involved in evening up the racial balance (he may yet get to be the only ofay in a black band, since he's the leader; rather like being the lone goyishe cat in a Bar Mitzvah band), it is still not an original band, more's the pity.

When Procol Harum, who were a gas on records, came to this country and played Beatle tunes, they were a bore. When The Electric Flag plays "Dock of the Bay" they are a bore. Doing the top Stax-Volt or Motown numbers does not make it. Unless of course you are the original. But the originals are always better, honest they are.

The trouble with it all is that Bloomfield is a fine musician. But he will always be a Jewish boy from Chicago and not a black man from the Delta. There are a lot of people who think he is black but then they also think that the song is "Parchman Farm" and don't even know that the name of the prison farm is Parchman. And that ignorance defines an area out of which Black Power rises as a reaction.

All the great musicians are originals. It is very simple. The Beatles just do not sound like anybody else. And no matter how good the BeeGees ever get at it, they will always be imitations.

The Electric Flag can be exciting. So can Harry James and so can many other imitations. But there is more to it than being exciting. They ought to be important and they have the talent to be important. But they keep insisting that the name of their game is chitlins and collard greens and it's actually chicken soup, baby, chicken soup.

Buddy Miles is a good drummer and it's really his band. It's Buddy Miles' Electric Flag, not Mike Bloomfield's Electric Flag, which is a tragedy and which shows you where it's at. Miles is a good drummer and a good singer but not a great one. Somehow his greatness escaped all that heavy apparatus of r&b recording people who keep digging for singers. And it escapes them yet and it will continue to.

Originality is the key. If this nonsense continues, Michael Bloomfield, one of the best guitar players in the world when he is playing guitar, will end up being the Stan Getz or Chet Baker of rock.

It won't rub off. You can't become what you are not and it's not for sale. Play your own soul, man, and stop this shuck.

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IS A MIND SHOWN:**

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When you first came here last year what did you find were people's expectations of you and the Cream?

We seem to be a lot more popular here than I had imagined. I'd heard that we'd been heard of through the underground thing. Yet I really didn't imagine that we'd be this popular. Or that we would be accepted as readily as we were, because an American band like Butterfield can go to England now and just die at all the places. The best reception they got was at the Marquee and that wasn't as good as most English bands would have gotten. In England they're all very uptight about it. They don't want foreigners coming in. They feel very competitive about their music scene and don't want it contaminated by Americans.

Perhaps that's due to some sort of musical inferiority complex in that they know all of what they're doing is really based on the American thing.

It's a very jealous thing. They're afraid of American music being too far ahead of them. They've got this fantasy, they deny it.

Do you think that the song by Scott McKenzie, "Wear Flowers in Your Hair," which had been number one on the English surveys accurately reflects what's happening here?

Not in any way. It's wrapped up in fashion; it's all about fashion. Who cares what people look like?

The audience in England believes that is what it's like, flower power and flower children.

Of course; the British public have been taught that fashion is the only worthwhile thing—they'll throw away thousands of quid a year just buying clothes. That's just what they think about. I could have been taken in by the song if I hadn't come here.

How do the San Francisco and London audiences differ?

To look at? They're not very different. As far as the reception, this is about the best audience. They're so obviously critical. Every little move you make and every little note you play is being noticed, being devoured, accepted or rejected. You know that whatever you do is going to be noticed and you do it right. You got to do your best 'cause they know if you're not doing your best.

Do you prefer playing in front of an audience or in an isolated situation such as a studio?

I get quite bored listening to myself play the guitar because I'm not a very good audience. If there are people there, you go further.

How much does your state of mind affect your playing?

You mean drugs?

No, not really—

Well, we did a couple of gigs in very bad places. We did them up north in England and there was one on a pier. In a ballroom on the end of a pier. It was like twenty years out of date. The whole thing was like being in another era, you know. I couldn't play there at all. There was nothing familiar for me to grab hold of. It was like being stuck in another time. We did another gig in a club which I used to play in with the Yardbirds. It was the same now as it was then. The same audience—which was very hysterical and neurotic. And when you get on stage and everyone's screaming and shouting—you're going mad trying to get tune. That kind of thing scares me, you know. What I actually prefer to do is concerts. I really like to play concerts, because the whole thing is more relaxed. The audience is seated, they're calmed down, and then it's up to you to build it to any kind of pitch musically. It's much better to work with.

What about the groups you've seen in San Francisco?

I haven't seen any; we haven't had time.

You played with the Electric Flag, not exactly a local group but certainly some reflection of the local scene.

The Electric Flag is just the heaviest thing around. They've got a tremendous rhythm section and Barry Goldberg. And Mike Bloomfield who just lives and breathes music. He's one of those people who don't think about anything else. An incredible band.

Have you heard the Grateful Dead record?

Yeah, it's great.

## ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW:



## ERIC CLAPTON

Peter Townshend said he saw the Dead at the Pop Festival, and called them "one of the original ropeys."

Ropey! That means a drag. I don't think the quality of their music is as high as a lot of other good recording bands. People are more concerned with live music, maybe, than with recording. I'm not sure of that. I'm guessing. If the Grateful Dead are one of the best, they're not doing a very good job on record.

What do you think of the guitar playing? Jerry Garcia's synthesis of blues, jazz and country and western, with a little jug band thrown in?

It's very good, and very tight, but it's not really my bag.

What have you seen in San Francisco that would improve a scene like London?

As far as attitudes are concerned. There is less competition and more encouragement here from musician to musician. Music thrives wildly in England because they are jealous of someone else's success. They're jealous so they have to do better. Here you're encouraged. Everybody digs everybody else and they don't hide it. In England they could use a little more maturity; the English music market has been bred so long on immaturity, in the press and music papers they are concerned with nothing else but top 40 and music doesn't really matter. There isn't one English music newspaper that covers the whole field of music; they're all cut up in a little bunch. They could use, from San Francisco, a little more open-mindedness about music, to grow up about it. Music isn't any more a three year thing. It's not related to "overnight successes" and things like that; it's grown out of that. The people behind it—the managers, and the people who make their bread out of it—have got to learn that and grow out of it as well. Musicians are not half-wits anymore.

What do you feel about the charts? Personally I don't think they're amoral, you know, musically. I think they're anti-music and anti-progress. They're obsolete.

Are they really detrimental to the groups?

It brings the whole thing down to a very immature level. I mean, the

chart is there to serve one purpose—to indicate to everybody what is best and what is worst. But it really doesn't go that way, because good music idiomatically is good, and bad music is bad and it really doesn't matter what people say about it. It doesn't matter what people's tastes are. People can go out and buy a record, you know, like an Englebert Humperdink record, then everybody can say it's the best record available. Which is rubbish. Doesn't mean to say because it's popular it's the best music.

How much do the charts hang up the musician?

Well you see, in principle it's still not a bad thing if it were on a small scale. If the charts weren't so overwhelming then it wouldn't be bad. It'd be like those occasional little polls they have for the best musician, and so on, and it's be all right. But the thing is everybody nowadays is brain-washed to accept what the charts say as right.

So there is no room for anything else. There is no room to play good music. I mean, we may be doing it now, but it's only just changing. Up until now there was no room to be able to play without making a single. You had to make a hit single to be able to go out and play somewhere. Otherwise you were just rejected. The hit single is a lever I mean, everyone says—We'll do a commercial record for the first one. We'll get a hit and then when everyone likes us, we'll do what we want. That's what a hit single up until now has been for. You make something that's really crappy and formulated and stereotyped that will get to No. 1, and then when you're there you say, look everybody, this is what we're going to do now. I don't think that should be necessary. I can see that it has been necessary, but I don't think you should waste any of your time doing that kind of thing.

Is there anyone doing what he wants to do?

Yeah. I guess there are quite a lot of people. But you see it isn't easy to know what you want to do anymore. Because everyone is so screwed up by the presence of the hit parade that it's not really clear in their

minds what they want to do. They've been hammered into thinking what is right and what is wrong and it's not really clear in their minds. They are not that many people who are really straight enough to know. I mean, if you're going to consider it from a business angle, at the moment the public isn't getting any kind of value with records. Singles are too expensive for what they are and LP's are too expensive for what they are.

What I would like to see is an LP for the price of a single and an Extended LP for the price of the present LP. That may never happen. It's optimistic dreaming maybe, but that's what I would like to see. I think it would be much better for the public. I mean, with a single—what have you got? You've got the A side and the B side and if you're lucky, in three weeks' time you might still like it.

What we're doing now is simply concentration on LP's. And if by accident a single should come out of an LP session, then we'll put it on the market. Whereas before you'd have two sessions; you'd conscientiously go to an LP session or you'd conscientiously go to a single session. And single sessions are terrible. I can't make them at all. They're just like—you go in there and the whole big problem is whether it's commercial. That is the problem. No matter what the music is like, it's got to be commercial, it's got to have a hook line, you've got to have this and that and you just fall into a very dark hole. I can't take it at all.

What we eventually would like to get into is using LP's in place of singles. Record an LP every two months, or every month and record an Extended LP which would be on 16 rpms. Do that twice a year. That would be like a complete concert.

Locally you are known as one of the world's top blues or rock guitarist. Do you think that they've found you lived up to this?

Everybody seemed to be pleased. I haven't met any major criticism of our group. Musically we seem to have done very well.

Where do you get your energies?

Well, it's a vicious circle thing. I mean, if I hadn't ever played an instrument then I wouldn't ever need to play one. But now that I've been playing, I need to play. I'll make it more clearer: When I come off the stage, you know, I've just expressed myself as much as I could that particular time. And I know that if I've got a gig the next day, that somehow or other I've got to store up enough energy to play the next day. It's like, you know, you spend it, then you get it back again, then you spend it, then you get it back again. You've got to do this. It's like a basic reaction that goes on subconsciously the whole time... I'm taking note of things, I'm expressing myself about them. It's almost forced a lot of the time when we have to work really hard.

Who do you feel are the best groups in the British scene, excluding the Beatles and Rolling Stones who aren't performing any more?

Yes, recording music has become so far out that you can't relate it to live music at all. I don't think you have to. If you're curious about performers, the Pink Floyd is one I like very much among live groups.

What about the Who?

I haven't seen them for a long time, but that did impress me at one time, that kind of act.

Aside from that thing.

If I can't see the Who, then I'm not really bothered and I won't listen to them very much. They're tight and they're all very heavy, but musically I don't think they are going in a very extreme direction. They stick to their records and things like that.

What does the Pink Floyd do?

Very strange group. The nearest thing you would have to them here—well, I can't even think of a group you can relate them to. Very freaky. They're not really psychedelic. They do things like play an hour set that's just one number. They are into a lot of electronic things. They're also very funny. They're nice, they really are a very nice group. They're unambitious and they give you a nice feeling watching them. They're not trying to put anything over.



Ginger Baker



What do you think about Jimi Hendrix?

I don't really want to be critical about it. I think Jimi can sing very well; he just puts it around that he can't sing and everyone accepts it. I think he can sing very well. I also think he's a great guitarist. I don't like to watch him too much 'cause I prefer to listen to him.

When he first came to England, you know English people have a very big thing towards a spade. They really love that magic thing, the sexual thing. They all fall for that sort of thing. Everybody and his brother in England still sort of think that spades have big dicks. And Jimi came over and exploited that to the limit, the fucking tee. Everybody fell for it. Shit.

I fell for it. After a while I began to suspect it. Having gotten to know him, I found out that's not where he's at, not where he's at all. That stuff he does on stage, when he does that he's testing the audience. He'll do a lot of things, like fool around with his tongue and play his guitar behind his back and rub it up and down his crotch. And he'll look at the audience, and if they're digging it, he won't like the audience. He'll keep on doing it, putting them on. Play less music. If they don't dig it, then he'll play straight 'cause he knows he has to. It's funny. I heard that here he came on and put on all that shit in his first set and people were just dead towards it. And in his second set he just played, which is great.

He had the whole combination in England. It was just what the market wanted, a psychedelic pop star who looked freaky, and they're also still hung up about spades and the blues thing was there. So Jimi walked in, put on all the gear, and made it straight away. It was a perfect formula. Underneath it all, he's got an incredible musical talent. He is really one of the finest musicians around on the Western scene. If you just scrape away all the bullshit he carries around you'll find a fantastically talented guy and a beautiful guitar player for his age. I just can't take it all, all the plastic things.

Who started the hair thing?

I guess Dylan started it. It's funny, 'cause it's gone into a fashionable thing in England. I did it 'cause I liked Dylan's hair. I went and had my hair curled. Then Jimmy came on with curly hair, and his band did it to complete the image, and everybody else did it 'cause they dug Jimmy and other people did it 'cause they dug me, I guess. It became quite a trend in England to have curly hair.

What was the first experience with music that you can remember, other than Humpty Dumpty, where you asked yourself, "What's happening on that radio?"

Chuck Berry did that. "School days" and then "Johnny B. Goode." I got into that. I was around 16 or 17, heavily when I was 17, by myself. I learned from records.

I guess, everybody who's played a string instrument has had an influence on me. All the Indian musicians I've heard and all the blues

Eric Clapton



musicians I've heard have influence me. There are lots of other idioms I haven't even touched on, fields of music I haven't even been near. There's also influences I've got from people who don't play string instruments. There's a blues harmonica player called Little Walter Jacobs who plays really good harmonica. He's influenced me a lot because you can transfer what he's doing to a guitar.

Any other guitarists?

At first I played exactly like Chuck Berry for six or seven months. You couldn't have told the difference when I was with the Yardbirds. Then I got into older bluesmen. Because he was so readily available I dug Big Bill Broonzy; then I heard a lot of cats I had never heard of before: Robert Johnson and Skip James and Blind Boy Fuller. I just finally got completely overwhelmed in this brand new world. I studied it and listened to it and went right down in it and came back up in it. I was about 17 or 18. When I came back up in it, turned on to B. B. King and it's been that way ever since. I still don't think there is a better blues guitarist in the world than B. B. King.

But is he your primary influence?

No. He covers one field, the best of one field. I am more influenced at the moment by Indian music, not structurally, but in its atmosphere and its ideals. Not the notes; I don't ever intend to start playing the sitar or playing the guitar like a sitar. I've just opened up my mind to the fact that you needn't play with arrangements and just improvise the whole time. That's where I want to be at: where I just don't ever have to play anything but improvisation.

What about the other Kings, Albert and Freddy?

Albert is great because he's still recording and going strong. Freddy, I haven't heard about in a long time.

You did one of Freddy King's numbers with John Mayall.

Jack Bruce



That was not because I dug his number so much, but because it fitted in with what I was playing. I didn't like "Hideaway" too much. I don't like his instrumentals too much actually. He never does too much when he does instrumentals. He plays best when he's singing.

Who's influenced you as a person?

The first two people I think of are from the music field. That's simply because it's the world I live in. The first one is Mike Bloomfield. His way of thinking really shocked me the first time I met him and spoke to him. I never met anyone with so many strong convictions. And Dylan really turned me on. He's a really brave man—speaking out, you know. Those are two really the biggest influence 'cause they're just very believable. I believe in those two guys more than a lot of things.

Are you interested in Country and Western music?

Not what most people would term Country and Western. I'm interested in Hillbilly music and genuine bluegrass. I'm not interested in the pop, surface stuff. My favorite musician is a guy called Roscoe Holcomb, who is a bluegrass banjo picker who just plays on his own. He calls it "the high lonesome sound." Too much. He plays very, very fast, bluegrass style. I like the Carter Family. I don't like the plastic music that comes out of Nashville these days.

Were the Yardbirds your first group?

No. I played with two amateur groups before that, in my spare time. One called "The Roosters" and one called "Casey Jones and the Engineers." I didn't stay with either of those bands for more than two weeks. It was more like jamming. Then I got offered a professional job with the Yardbirds.

From the inception of the group?

About two weeks afterwards. I was with them a year and a half. They weren't too keen to have it known that I'd left. People leaving groups in those days was dirty.

Why have they had such a long succession of guitar players?

The guitar players who play with them don't like them. I was fooled into joining the group, attracted by the pop thing, the big money and traveling around and little chicks. It wasn't until after a year and a half that I started to take music as a serious thing. I just realized I would be doing it for the rest of my life and I'd better be doing it right. I was playing what they wanted me to play.

After the Yardbirds?

I intended to pack up playing all together. I was kind of screwed up about everything. Playing with a group like that puts you in a very strange frame of mind. You lose a

Eric Clapton



lot of your original values. I laid up for a couple of weeks with a friend. Didn't do much and then I got offered a job with John Mayall whom I'd always admired because of his integrity. If I was going to join anyone, it might as well be him. I played with him for about a year and a half too. Then I really got into my music and developed it more than I'd ever done before, 'cause they take it seriously. Then I just decided I wanted to go further than that band was going. They were stuck to their thing, which was playing Chicago blues. I wanted to go somewhere else and put my kind of guitar playing in a different context, in a new kind of pop music context. I thought that music was more valid than Chicago blues for me, 'cause rock and roll is more like folk music, contemporary.

Would you characterize what you're doing now as more rock than blues?

Yes.

How did you get Cream together?

We knew each other from our respective bands. When Jack was with Manfred Mann and Ginger Baker was with Graham Bond.

Your first date was at the Windsor Festival, wasn't it?

Yes. We had decided we wanted to play with each other more than anyone else in the country and formed a band. Completely co-operative. We just did it. It wasn't very hard, it was easy. Putting it together was hard because we had no idea what we really wanted to play, we just knew we wanted to play together. We had no idea of what kind of material to do and for a long time it was hard to find a real direction. We did a lot of other people's numbers. Jack couldn't get that many songs out. There are a couple of the blues and rock and roll numbers we still do, only by choice and not by force.

What does "Disraeli Gears" mean?

It's a pun; it doesn't mean anything. In England there is a big thing on racing cycling and on the back wheel, fixed to the hub you have a gear with ten gears, called a "derailleur." That's the pun. We were just in a car one night kicking up puns, like Duke Elephant and Elephant Gerald, and "Disraeli Gears" just came up and I said that would be a good name for the record.

Who's your producer?

Felix Pappalardi. He's been working mostly on the folk scene, people like Joan Baez and that. He was just around Atlantic City and said he



Jack Bruce



wanted to do it and we wanted him. What kind of guitar and amplifiers do you use?

A Les Paul, a modern one. A solid one. Same pickups, more or less the same neck, just a different body than the 1958 ones. It's obviously not as good a sound as the old ones, 'cause they've got vintage, like old wine. I haven't got any old ones still intact, they've all gotten broken, warped. When a guitar is that old you've got to be careful. There's a maker, I think it's Hagstrom or someone like that, that's copying the old Les Pauls, but I wouldn't buy one.

Amps, and how do you set them?

Two 100-watt Marshalls. I set them full on everything, full treble, full base and full presence, same with the controls on the guitar. If you've got the amp and guitar full, there is so much volume that you can get it 100 miles away and it's going to feed back—the sustaining effect—and anywhere in the vicinity it's going to feed back.

Strings?

Fender rock and roll.

What differences do you find in attitudes between the young bluesmen here—like Bloomfield or Butterfield for instance—and in England, like John Mayall?

The blues musician usually is a fanatic; that's the common denominator among blues musicians, they're fanatics. In England they are a lot more so 'cause they're divorced from the scene and don't really know where it's at. They don't really know what it's like to be a blues musician in America. Like Mike Bloomfield does; they are all romantic about it and have a lot of ideals and notions. A lot of ego gets mixed into it and they think they're the only guys playing real music.

Would you characterize yourself as a blues musician?

No. I don't think I really represent the blues any more. Not truly. I have more of that in me and my music than anything else, but I don't really play blues any more.

What kind of things do you want Cream to do?

Nothing more ambitious than being as musically as free as we can. You can't even guess where that will take you musically. I don't know where I'll be in the next year. I know that I have to become more free and not get tied down with labels or playing like other people or even being influenced by other people.

Are you interested in chance music?

No. I'm too far into my guitar to pack it up and twiddle knobs.

Remember Mike talking about a Moog Synthesizer? Does that kind of device interest you?

No. In actual fact a Moog synthesizer would put me out of the action. If everyone uses them there won't be any more me or Jimi Hendrix or anyone like that. If you take it that far, you can buy a computer that will play all the music you want.

Ginger Baker



Press a button and it will improvise for hours on end.

What's the role of a musician in England?

In the last couple of years, the role is one of more than being a musician. There is this big thing about you're going to influence the young. For some incredibly uncanny reason, a musician is more important than a politician these days. Because that is true, the role of a musician is a drag. You don't have to be that intelligent to play music; you don't have to have moral responsibility. There's no reason why they should have, they're only there to play music and people should leave them like that. Because so much responsibility is attached, it's too much, a drag, too much public opinion placed on a musician. What I'm doing now is just my way of thinking but if it gets into a paper somewhere, people will say that what I'm saying is the way they ought to think. Which is wrong, because I'm only a musician. If they dig my music, that's great, but they don't have to know what's going on in my head.

That's because of the Beatles.

Yeah.

In London they used to say "Clapton is God."

Wow! It's still going on! Yeah, that was going on—well, when nothing else was happening in England except me, which was a pretty weird period, you know. Like there was nothing much in the charts and I'd just left the Yardbirds and had joined John Mayall and it was like our band, the John Mayall Band was the only one playing like the Chicago blues. And at that time it had just begun to become fashionable—a lot of people grabbed hold of my name and started using it, you know—and people were starting to write "Clapton is God" all over the place without really knowing what they were talking about. Very funny. Very strange.

What is it like to have that?

I don't know because I don't know what the image is.

When you look into their eyes you must get some interesting feedback.

Yeah, and most of the time it's pretty disappointing. A lot of that kind of appreciation I get is usual-

Jack Bruce



ly for like what kind of shoes I'm wearing tonight. I don't think I've had that many people on the same wave-length as me—you know, appreciating me for the same reason that I appreciate me. I really can't see into their minds to see if the image is one I would like or wouldn't like. I'm basically against that anyway. There's very funny things that would go on—like, at one gig I would wear a red military jacket and for some reason I'd play and everyone would suddenly get knocked out. And then we'd do the next gig a couple of weeks later somewhere else and everyone in the audience would be wearing red military jackets. And I'd have a mustache and be wearing a green suede jacket and everyone would be going—What have we done wrong? That's the kind of thing it usually amounts to.

It's not that big you see. If I was in the position of someone like Dylan or Lennon, then I'd have to be more careful. People at most hardly ever say they like music, they hardly ever say they think I'm a good guitar player. No-one has ever sort of yet committed suicide because of me and it probably will never happen. So I mean, I'm not that much of an idol for me to think I have any responsibility, you know. So, unless anything drastic happens, I don't think I'll ever have to worry about that.

How do you feel about the sexual implications?

I admit, I have tried it. I've tried it like—when I was with the Yardbirds I did it all the time. It was an obviously novel thing to try and do. You come out of school, you know, and you get into a group and you've got thousands of chicks there. I mean you were at school and you were pimply and no one wanted to know you. And then there you are on stage with thousands of little girls screaming their head off. Man, it's power! . . . whew! But when you find something else that can occupy your mind a little more—like when you find that you're actually into playing the guitar, then I don't think you could do both things. I couldn't do it now mainly because I don't have the time to stop and think about it. If I was doing that, leaping around, then I'd just play chords. If I want to play and do something which is a conscientious effort to do, then I can't do anything but stand still and think about what I'm doing.

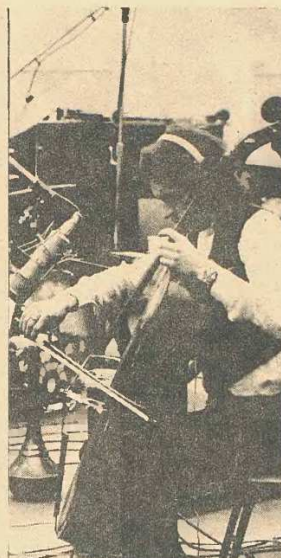
Do you go through hassles at the airport when you get back to London?

No, we're not on that scene at all. We don't interest the kids under 18. Did you mean fans?

No. I meant being searched for drugs—due to the special notoriety musicians now have in England for being dope fiends.

Oh, yes. We get searched every-

Jack Bruce



time we go back to England. They never make it clear they're looking for drugs. But you can never pick the brain of a customs inspector. They might let you through sometime and might search you another time. He might let you through with a brick of hashish sometimes. They don't make it clear what they're going to do. They're unpredictable. They might yet you through with a big block of hashish and get you another time because they think you think you can get away with it all the time.

What hits you the most about San Francisco?

The first thing that hit me really hard was that the Grateful Dead were playing a lot of gigs for nothing. That very much moved me. I've never heard of anyone doing that before. That really is one of the finest steps that anyone has taken in music yet, aside from musical strides. I get that sums it up, what I think about San Francisco, what the Grateful Dead are doing. There is this incredible thing that the musical people seem to have toward their audience: they want to give.

That ought to make an incredible headline in England.

Shit! That's the most incredible thing, man. Whenever I do any kind of interview in London, I'll say a complete paragraph, all of which will make sense as a paragraph, but someone will take three words out of it and put it on top and making it controversial. In some Irish paper I was asked if the Beatles would ever play on stage again. I went into this flowery thing about how the Beatles, if they did, would be incredible because they would put on a circus and it would be an incredible thing. I said they wouldn't just go on and only play, it would probably be very difficult for them. The paper put as a headline "Clapton thinks the Beatles couldn't play on stage." That always happens.

Out of this, "Clapton shits on London."

It's gonna happen. It's great now because musicians now are so tight among each other that they go "fuck" about if they read something that they don't think is right. Like George Harrison reads something that I say about him that he doesn't believe to be true, he doesn't believe it, 'cause I'm not going to say anything shitty behind his back. The English music papers aren't taken seriously. The drag is the kids might think it's true.

Anything else to get over?

I'd like to give everyone my love, and say hello to Auntie Flo and the kids.



BY JON LANDAU

I recently had an opportunity to see the Cream do an hour and a half concert; after what I had found to be a disappointing second album, it was a refreshing experience and for the most part an entertaining one. Yet I found myself leaving the concert with a sense of frustration not unlike the one I receive from listening to them on record.

With the opening wall of sound announcing their arrival, the group established their absolute virtuosity. I understand that they usually begin their sets with "Tales of Brave Uiverse," (as they did here) and it is certainly one of their best original compositions. By taking the pace of the song down just a bit from the recorded version, they gave their performance a more biting quality. They also extended the soloing at the end of the piece, but other than that their performance of this number corresponded more closely to the recorded version than anything else they did.

With "Sunshine of Your Love," their second number, they got into their extended improvisation work and gave the audience a chance to see what they are really into. After going through the entire song as they recorded it, they loosened the rhythm and then just played for well over ten minutes. And it was at this point that my own disappointment with the group began to stare me in the face.

Cream has been called a jazz group. They are not. They are a blues band and a rock band. Clapton is a master of the blues clichés of all of the post-World War II blues guitarists, particularly B. B. King and Albert King. And he didn't play a note that wasn't blues during the course of the concert. Ginger Baker's sources are more from the rock side of the picture and like Clapton he can run through the licks and clichés with his eyes blindfolded. And during the improvisation that was added on to "Sunshine" that is precisely what the two men did—run through their licks, albeit absolutely flawlessly.

Yet melodically, the improvisation was indistinguishable from the one that took place on their next number, "N.S.U.," and rhythmically they never did anything more advanced than a 4/4. By abandoning the chord progression of the song they started out with and improvising solely around the root chord, (which, by the way, is a far cry from having abandoned a chord structure, which Clapton says he is prone to do) they insure the incompatibility of the solo compared with the song. And ultimately what I wound up hearing was three virtuosos romping through their bag, occasionally building it into something, occasionally missing the mark altogether, but always in a one-dimensional style that made no use of dynamics, structure, or any of the other elements of rock besides drum licks and guitar riffs.

The specific reason why I discount Cream as jazz is this: In jazz the focus is always on improvisation. Improvisation means the creation of new musical ideas spontaneously. It does not mean stringing together pieces and phrases of already learned musical ideas. It means using these phrases as a basis for exploration and extension. A rock guitarist who improvises in the manner of a jazzman is Larry Coryell. Clapton's problem is that while he has vast creative potential, at this time he hasn't begun to fulfill it. He is a virtuoso at performing other people's ideas. In the particular solo of which I am speaking there were flashes of both Kings (as James Payne pointed out recently [*Correspondence*, ROLLING STONE, Feb. 24], *Disraeli Gears* is pervaded by the influence of Albert King and Chuck Berry).

One got the nagging feeling that the whole solo could be charted out to show the source of every phrase.

As strong as this reservation sounds I do not mean it as a condemnation of the group. I don't believe there are more than a handful of American bands that come within miles of Cream. Despite the derivative styling of Clapton, I think any comparison between Cream and people like the Doors or Big Brother would be in the nature of a joke.

Compared to Cream, such groups don't even have the technical equipment, the understanding of their instruments, with which to play rock. Clapton himself seems to feel that way about white American groups in general and he has labelled San Fran-

lyrically. Yet I enjoyed it most when they were actually singing and playing the tune. Here they were recognizing the nature of rock and roll, the fact that it really is a heavily structured music—and they worked with that structure, using their un-

provision began, wholly unrelated to the context that the song had set for it, indistinguishable from the improvisation on the song that preceded it, the whole concept of interaction, the whole concept of a band was destroyed. It was every man for himself and back to the clichés. What was particularly disconcerting was that the entire improvisation centered again around a single chord, thereby severely limiting Clapton in terms of the range that he could explore.

"N.S.U." was followed by what Cream chose to do as their slow blues for the evening, "I'm Sitting On Top of the World." This tune is a white country blues originally done by Bill Monroe, and recorded a few years ago by Doc Watson. The Grateful Dead did a version of it on their album at a super hyped-up tempo. Cream did just the opposite and slowed it down to a slow crawl, with a heavy, heavy beat. They performed the number as a straight blues with little improvising and it was probably the shortest number they did all night.

Clapton's guitar playing, which was here given the full melodic range of a blues progression to play itself off against, (instead of the simple root chord improvisations he used on the previous numbers) was among the best blues playing I've ever heard, even though it was again largely derivative. Clapton was able to transcend his own limits because he was truly playing the song. It was only here that he was the master of his licks, only here that he transcended his limitations, by knowing what they are. (Bruce's singing, by the way, which seems to me to be significantly better live than it is on record, was at its best and helped to push Clapton admirably.)

Following these four numbers the group moved into a series of songs featuring one member of the group each time. For Clapton's feature he did "Stepping Out." Regrettably, the version he recorded with Mayall two years ago was far superior to what I saw him do live. Bruce stopped in the middle of this piece and Clapton and Baker got into some intense interaction with each other. Generally, the entire thing, which went on for nearly twenty minutes, was absurdly long. Clapton was repeating himself from earlier solos and even, towards the end, earlier parts of this solo. Baker's drumming was much too busy, as it often is, and showed once again that it is often more difficult for the virtuoso mentality to do something easy than to do something hard.

"Stepping Out" was followed by an extended harp show piece by Bruce which was easily the low point of their performance. Bruce is not very good on that instrument and 15 minutes of him working out on it is simply ludicrous. It amazes me that such brilliant musicians can be oblivious to their own shortcomings.

They closed with Baker's show piece, "Toad." Baker is a solid drummer who gets a fantastic sound out of his drums. However, he is extremely repetitious, not particularly creative, and highly over-active. He took two or three extended solos during this particular concert and by the time he got to the end of "Toad" I found it all to be terribly boring.

Cream live, as on record, are clearly in a transitional stage. Having mastered the rudiments of their instruments they are rapidly approaching the point where they have to ask themselves where they want to go with it. Currently, their live style and their record style reveals both their talent and also their aimlessness. The whole is not equal to its parts. And the greatest pitfall that stands before them is that an over-accepting audience in the United States will lull them into a complacency in which they increase their virtuosity at the expense of their own involvement. It would not be difficult for a group of this caliber to start making it all sound like scales.

Yet the Cream, even now, are so much more than simple masters of their instruments. When they get over their virtuosity hang-up—which is what I think their kind of virtuosity is—we may really see something. At the moment they're just warming up.

# CREAM



The Cream as they looked in the beginning

cisco a "fashion" and stated that "black records" are still the best thing coming out of this country.

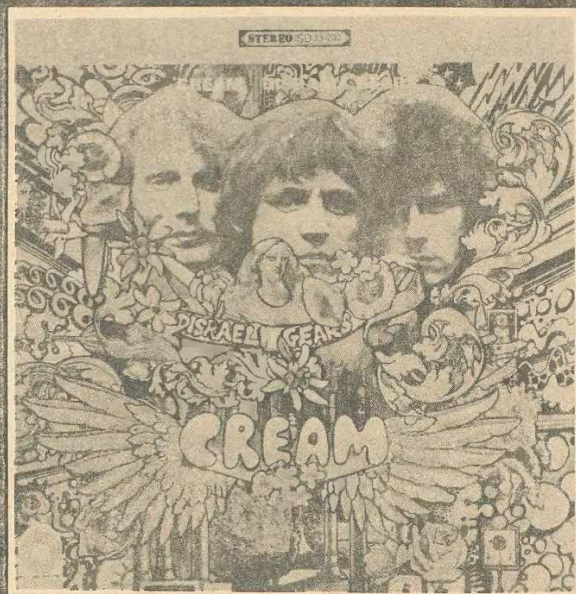
The shortcomings of "Sunshine" were again present when the group performed "N.S.U." This is another of their originals and I think it a terrible song, both melodically and

derstanding to draw the song out.

In general interpreting a song is the most difficult task confronting a rock instrumentalist, for in that situation he is in a position where he has to respond to a vocalist, a melody line, and a pattern not present in freer musical forms. Once the im-



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## "MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR, OR BROWN RICE"

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

The headquarters of The North American Ibis Alchemical Company is a vast, third-floor loft that looks like a studio out of the Mack Sennett days, resurrected into an era of advanced technology and more conscious surrealism.

The loft was a sparring ring back in the days of bare-knuckle boxing; the old building it occupies is said to have served as a temporary San Francisco City Hall after the 1906 earthquake; more recently, the third floor housed a factory that produced Annabelle candy bars. Today it is filled with strange light machines, costumes, constructions and Victorian furniture. The product is light shows, and some of the most exuberant, epic film-making on the current new cinema scene.

North American Ibis is headed by Ben Van Meter, 27-year-old filmmaker who has just completed his first feature-length picture, *Acid Mantra*. A trilogy that runs slightly less than two hours, the film is an "experimental documentary" based on the rock-flower children scene, but conceived as a "multiple projection cinema event" rather than a movie, and a document embracing "total experience." The film is subtitled "Re-Birth of a Nation," reflecting both Van Meter's sense of history and the monumental scale of his concept and material. "The acid was over two years ago," Van Meter said. "I think less and less in terms of acid, an more and more in terms of re-birth."

Van Meter is one of a new breed of artist-entrepreneur who looks somewhat far-out, talks supremely straight and neither seeks nor shuns such Establishment mainstays as money, which he accepted to finish his last film, or interviews, where he is personable, relaxed and articulate. He lives in an apartment partitioned off a corner of his studio-loft, and is tuned in to its historic atmosphere. "Filmmaking in San Francisco now is like the days of Mack Sennett all over again," he said.

Originally from Oklahoma, Van Meter studied poetry at Antioch college, later transferred to San Francisco State College to double in poetry and film for a combined degree. His poetry is unpublished. "Film is the all inclusive medium," Van Meter said. "You can mix sound, pictures, words, everything."

Van Meter completed seven shorter films before beginning work on *Acid Mantra*. His first, "The Poon-tang Trilogy," was made in 1964. It combined newsreel footage, live documentary and animation in a college style somewhat like that of Bruce Conner to focus on the subject of anti-censorship. The film begins with footage of the Hindenburg explosion projected onto a nude body, moves into location shots of demonstrators, then returns to the nude model who dances with a flower over the proper place; when she throws it away, a "Censored" sign appears and chases her out of the picture.

Van Meter now considers the film "pretty literary," but it has won the status of a minor underground classic.



TOM WEIR

In later films, Van Meter has expanded live, location filming to a stage where both terms seem primitive. In a black-and-white film, "Oldsmobile," he first experimented with multiple exposures, using two and three levels.

Most of his recent films have been in color—"A Color Film," using costumed dancers against natural settings; "Trips Festival," super-imposing film of the festival over scenes of the opening of the Haight Street Psychedelic Shop; "The World Is Coming," the first reel of *Acid Mantra*, mixes as many as six different exposures, sometimes adding triple-exposed color to triple-exposed black-and-white, in a light-show-like spectacle of the rock sub-culture, Baroque texture, momentum and soaring sweep, over a sound-truck combined incessant drumbeats with electronic effects. The second and third reels of the film extend multiple images into double and triple projection.

Van Meter's technique is a mixture of choice and chance. "The old style of multiple exposure was all pre-conceived," he said. "I get much more interesting effects by mixing everything in the camera. Not that I don't make choices—after exposing a roll, I have a good idea of what I want to shoot over it. And I edit, of course. But the percentage of usable footage is surprisingly high."

He uses a similar technique for his sound tracks, "mixing and overdubbing until I get a flowing thing—well enough to carry the thing." Parts of *Acid Mantra* include songs by Country Joe and the Fish, old

Southern dance music by Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, excerpts from President Johnson's State of the Union message. At its very end, an actor reads a quote from a Yoga text.

Van Meter thinks of all his films as "experimental documentaries," but transcending narrative or "literary metaphor" to embrace a "total experience." He says, "*Acid Mantra* is like a river of images, like the universe is a river of images constantly flowing in and out of each other."

He has been filming *Acid Mantra* for more than two years, most of which went into the first, and longest (45 minutes), reel. Shot mostly before he acquired his studio a year ago, it contains an extraordinary mixture of location rock dance and lightshow scenes, crowds on downtown streets, footage from a country party hosted by the Grateful Dead. They build a multi-textured, procluse structure of sprawling power.

The second reel is titled "Lila," an Indian word referring to "the changing energy patterns and the creative play of the universe. It's the most documentary of the three, with a lot of scenes from the Human Be-In and other activities in Golden Gate Park," Van Meter said.

"Lila" uses double projection, but except for its first and last portions, the images are primarily the same on both screens, he said. "There is one sound track on both prints, so you hear the same thing coming from two speakers."

The third reel—"Make Love, Not War, or Brown Rice," uses three projectors, and takes advantage of all

the possibilities. Similar images with different superimpositions combined with single images or different images, images which appear simultaneously or recur at different times on alternate screens. The film mixes live location with studio shots—"mostly lights and ladies, projections on nudes and semi-nudes," newsreel footage with set-up scenes, like one of a big boat which was built in the studio, filled with pretty girls and then floated on a lake in Golden Gate Park. "It comes near the end, as a spring, a re-birth image," Van Meter said.

Van Meter made all his early films "independently," meaning with money from light shows which The North American Ibis began two years ago at the Fillmore auditorium. This included the first reel of *Acid Mantra*, which cost between \$4,000 and \$5,000.

The trilogy was completed with the backing of John Ury, Los Angeles producer of hip TV commercials and stock group promos.

"I showed him the first reel, and it really blew his mind," Van Meter said. Ury invested \$8,500 for 30 percent of the film. Van Meter was able to pay a \$6,500 lab bill which covered much of the exposed, but unprinted footage that went into "Lila," and he completed the last two reels of the trilogy over the past three months. "I edited all last week," he said. "I worked almost every night."

Van Meter, at deadline time, was waiting for prints of reels two and three to get back from his processor, and tentatively arranging for the world premiere of *Acid Mantra* at San Francisco's Canyon Cinema theatre. He plans presentations in Los Angeles and New York, and may enter it in the New York Film Festival. If a commercial distributor should show interest, so much the better, he said. "It seems to me to embody the message of this generation as I understand it more clearly than any other film I've seen," he said. "I want to get it into as many heads as possible."

Van Meter has long range plans involving both new films and light shows. Beginning April 18, he said North American Ibis will be producing light shows each weekend at the new Carousel Ballroom. "We are planning to take the light show much beyond the point that it's been taken," he said. "We're developing equipment and techniques that have not been used before—environmental sculpture pieces, things for people to play with and do."

"We also plan to work with much brighter lights, so we can film without having to add light," he added. "We can make feature films, television spectacles, rock promos."

He is also interested in getting into color video-tape, although the cost is currently prohibitive.

Van Meter sums up his film-making credo by contrast to Andy Warhol. "We're complete opposite," he said. "Warhol's films are negative, static. Mine are positive, flowing. I hate to capitalize what I'm doing, but 'love one another' is the message."



# Meatball Fulton Lives - - - Gottuvadyam for You - - - Black Music



## Meatball:

I first met Meatball Fulton in an alley off Grant Avenue, in San Francisco's Bohemian North Beach. He was perched on top of a garbage can, beat-up guitar in hand, strumming and singing what is probably his most famous song, "The You Can Put on the Dog but You Have to Put Out the Cat Rag." (A complete discography appears at the end of this article).

Meatball wore a felt alpine hat casually strewn with fishing flies, a Hawaiian shirt boldly displaying the words, "Honolulu Lulu," a hounds-tooth check jacket, a pair of shiny, worn lederhosen and, on his feet, separating him from the cold cruel ground on which he had spent so many nights, a pair of saddle shoes with crepe soles.

Clearly, he was in the American vein.

Momentarily transfixed, I came closer and closer until I was inches from the living legend. And though I have no hint of how he managed to do it without missing a beat, Meatball managed to perform his string pyrotechnics with one hand and remove my wallet with the other.

"That's my wallet you have there," I pointed out.

"Yes," replied Meatball, "The song has ended but your wallet lingers on."

And as we tumbled through that dusty, dirty alley of time and memory, I reaching for a stranglehold and Meatball embracing my ankles with his teeth, I realized I had done more than rediscover a timeless and unspooled blues musician. I realized that I had made a friend.

Meatball Fulton came from a typical American family. His father beat him. His mother hated him and his sister seduced him.

At the age of 12, Meatball left home. Hoping to follow in the footsteps of other giants of the blues, the young Meatball Fulton looked for a blind street musician he could lead through the streets. Unfortunately, there was no blind street musician in his town he had to settle for an itinerant minstrel named Big Jack Flintlock, an indifferent musician who, not being even slightly myopic, was forced to rely on his only real handicap: a massive and persistent case of bad breath. (Now a legend in his own right, Big Jack realized early that what he lacked in pathos, he could make up for in offensiveness. As result, he managed to earn a good living from people who would pay him vast sums of money to stay away.)

From Memphis to Mobile, from Natchez to St. Joe, wherever the four winds blew, people everywhere cleared a wide path for the two troubadours.

Finally, in Oshgood, Mississippi, Big Jack and Meatball separated. Big Jack had taken to Clorets, a habit which not only rendered ineffective his greatest musical advantage but over which Meatball and Big Jack constantly quarreled—Big Jack insisting that Clorets were a breath mint.

The rift proved irreparable, and Meatball went off on his own, taking with him Big Jack's guitar and watch as mementos of their days together.

On September 15, 1963, Meatball Fulton, guitar case in hand, strode purposefully into a Chicago recording studio. His shabby dress belied his slovenly appearance; and, as amazed record executives watched from behind their oaken desks, Meatball took a lump of Pennsylvania coal from his pocket and quietly proceeded to eat it.

"That fellow certainly has something," said one record executive to another.

"Certainly has," said the other, "just about the worse case of bad breath I've ever run across."

But Meatball's massive talent outweighed their bourgeois pettifoggery, and the musician was hustled into a recording studio where, alone with his muse, he performed his entire repertoire.

Three days later, an exhausted Meatball Fulton sang the last note of his last song. From the depths of his experience, he had presented a soulful, musical chronicle of his life, leaving no incident unsung and including all the misery and heartbreak he had known. Yes, three days later, a spent but totally fulfilled Meatball Fulton laid down his guitar and looked up to hear these words from the control room:

"Ready when you are, Meatball—baby."

There are over two million Meatball Fulton records in print. Unfortunately, only three have ever been sold.

After that dismal day in Chicago, Meatball Fulton disappeared from sight. And until my fateful meeting with him, it had generally been assumed by musicologists that Meatball Fulton had rejoined the people from which had sprung—the nameless, faceless masses.

But when I heard that voice, so realistically imitating the mating of two tabbies; when I had seen that impressive figure, thoughtfully munching on a hunk of anthracite, then I knew I had rediscovered the one and only Meatball Fulton.

But before I could speak to him before I could begin to coax him back to the bosom of his many fans before I could even begin to apprise him of the influence he had had on so many of my generation he vanished into night, taking my wallet with him.

A small price indeed to pay for a once-in-a-lifetime meeting with the greatest blues artist of them all. And if I may be permitted an author's license, a small price to pay for the knowledge, in my heart, that

MEATBALL LIVES!

## DISCOGRAPHY

Meatball Sings Matzoball (Meatball Fulton recorded live at a Hadasah Smoker) Zip Records, Catalog #64538F

Sowing My Quaker Oats — The Songs of the Minnesota Transmission Mechanic, Boff Records, Catalog #4F.

With a Song in my Foot: Meatball Fulton, the Singing Podiatrist, Crass Records, Catalog #8364A.

BY R. W. GOLDMAN



Ravi Shankar

## Gottuvadyam:

Indian classical music is a marvelous structure of elaboration that has grown up around the ancient chants of Hinduism like a paisley of sound, preserving the basic pattern

while nearly rendering it invisible in the profusion of ornament. The religious origin of the music colors every performance with a philosophic seriousness. It also accounts in part for the amazing uniformity that prevails in the vast area of Indian musical culture, just as the predominance of Gregorian Chant as the basis of composed music in Europe down to the 17th century has a lot to do with the common standards of Western musical taste.

That chant music is at the root of Indian music is plain to see in the traditional rhythmic modes (talas) and melodic forms (ragas). Indian folk music differs from region to region, even from town to town, like folk music all over the world. There is a folk-like tendency to simple repeated melodies and straightforward dance rhythms, like the Western 4/4, 6/8, and so on. Talas, in contrast, are more exotic. Jhaptaal has 10 units to a cycle, Rupaktaal has 7, Jajtal 13. These are obviously not derived from dance music, but from the syllable-counting metric system of Sanskrit poetry.

In the raga system one senses the consequence of untold millions of hours of meditation while the chants of the Vedas drone on in the background. Unities and connections are felt between different melodies; the intangible, immaterial family resemblance is called the raga. Elements of impassioned, frenzied music, most un-Indian in origin, are incorporated and the fruit is a genre, like the blues in our music. A raga may be analyzed into abstract expressive elements—the notes of the scale used, the repetition of slides from certain notes to certain others, the constant return to a certain note or even a combination of notes (fam-mi-mi recurs over and over in "Purīa-Dhanashri").

Even today new ragas are being written—both Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan have recorded original ragas, and Indian musical theory admits the possibility of 64,848 ragas. Of course, a new raga may or may not attain popularity and be learned by other musicians.

In Western classical music great teachers develop styles and establish their own schools. The same is even more the case in India, since there is little written music and learning a raga is essentially the absorption of a classic taste. Musicians of different schools interpret ragas differently. Moreover, just as one can often tell an opera singer's nationality from his singing, there is a distinct difference between the schools of the Carnatic or Southern branch of Indian music and the Hindustani or Northern branch.

Part of the difference is repertoire. In Carnatic music there is a great variety of long composed pieces (kruti, varna, pallavi-anapallavi-charna) which are memorized. Improvisations may be introduced, like the cadenzas in Mozart's sonatas and concertos. The music is still intimately connected with religious ritual and the South Indian audience derives much of its enjoyment from extra-musical associations. For this reason it is doubtful that Westerners will ever appreciate it as much as they do the Hindustani music represented by Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan.

Hindustani music developed as an entertainment in the courts of the non-Hindu Moghul princes. It relies more on sensual musical values such as accelerated rhythms and a greater variety of instruments. Compositions, traditional or original, are mixed with flights of improvisation. A popular form is the gat, in which a composed tune recurs at intervals, giving the effect of a theme with variations.

Hindustani music shows some influence from the Persian music of the Moslem ruling class of the Middle Ages. But everything India adopts she changes. The sitar is hardly recognizable as the fancy great-grandson of a plain little three-stringed Persian lute called the sehtar. The sarod derives from the rebab which is bowed like a violin in the Near East, not plucked.

Other Persian instruments refined in India include the shehnai (Persian zurna), a shawm or keyless oboe, and a far-out lute with a peacock motif called the taus. The shehnai reached the South, where as a somewhat larger instrument it is played today as the nagasuram.

The South prefers the indigenous gottuvadyam and the many varieties of vina to the Persian stringed instruments. Many styles of flute and violin have existed from antiquity in all parts of India, but they are not exclusively associated with classical music. The sonorous richness of all Indian instruments is fascinating to the ear. Indeed, modern Indian vocal technique shows the influence of instrumental music—and if you recall, singing is where it all began.

## DISCOGRAPHY:

Classical Music of India (Nonesuch H-2014) gives an idea of the variety to be found in Hindustani music. Madame Subbulakshmi sings on *The Sounds of Subbulakshmi* (World-Pacific 1440). *The Music of Southern India* (Nonesuch H-2003) features Balachander on vina. Bismillah Kahn, shehnai, and Vilayat Khan, sitar, may be heard in duet on Capital ST10483, and Bismillah himself on *Ragas: Midnight and Spring* (Capitol T-10494). Ravi Shankar plays a raga of his own *Master Musicians of India* (Prestige 1078), and Ala Akbar Kahn plays his own *Sounds of the Sarod* (World Pacific 1435). Bhimsen Joshi as yet can only be heard on the Indian Odeon label, and impressive performances from all these artists are on Odeon, which can be obtained in this country with a little persistence.

BY CHARLES PERRY



## Leroi Jones:

Black Music by LeRoi Jones (Wm. Morrow & Co.) \$5.

The central image of the white dissenter has always been that of the outlaw: lost without a home, moving, as the Wandering Jew did, through a hostile land. When The Doors sing "Strange Days" they are not working in the web of fantasy, but in the actual geography of this country. The white dissenter has chosen this fate as a means to perpetuate his existence. We have all spent a great deal of our lives running.

But no more. Where the white dissenter is nihilistic, the black dissenter is visionary due to his geographical position and lack of material possessions. Where white people often walk, black people sometimes fly.

Black Music by LeRoi Jones is a collection of essays dating back to 1959, many of which have appeared in *Downbeat*, *Kulchur* etc. The title of the book couldn't be more exact, for it is very much about black music. Which is what LeRoi Jones is about (*Dutchman* or *The Slave* sing, out of fact and necessity). Jones has moved over a lot of ground, and most important of all he is now speaking to the black man. At the time of most of these essays he was still performing for a white public, one which he had not as yet left. *Downbeat* is a major publication, just as much a part of this country as LBJ. No one should expect it to be visionary.

White visionaries are descendants of a generation of escapees. Its heritage is one of madmen, and its music is just as insane. For the first time



# Pinnacle and Kaleidoscope in Los Angeles --- Ronnette Raunch ---

there is music being created that can make the deaf dance in any time-universe. Dig Ornette Coleman and Eric Clapton: one breath after the other.

Actual movement is faster than any socio-political freak can imagine. LeRoi Jones talks about the "cultural lag," and he is right. Like Frank Zappa says, everyone thinks their music is far out, but if you gave those people something really strange, like Varese, they would never return to this planet. And that's where music is at: turn the ungracious into moaning vegetables, or cook scrambled brains until they sense their own sun and moon.

The essays in *Black Music* concern themselves with white critics, R&B, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Jones says, "The new black music is this: find the self and then kill it." It is important for everyone to discover this music, and the words that are a direct expression from its sound (Rap Brown and James Brown). But there comes a time when those who do not belong must leave. Listen to Sonny Murray and then Mitch Mitchell. Then try Anthony Williams and Keith Moon. With new men comes new art, and it can be found nowhere else.

This book is about "dancing in the streets." You can all dig that that is illegal. Jones was sentenced to two years in prison because he felt that he must do his dance in Newark last summer. Death or ecstasy: it is all the same. Jones' final vision is one of beauty, of a race that is so in touch with themselves that nothing can stop them from being themselves. Jones approaches his ultimate spiritual level by being black. That sounds right to me. And by killing that which is in his way, which deserves to be killed because it obstructs a spirituality that opposes no spirituality, he moves closer to himself and farther from that which oppresses him.

A black cosmic consciousness is a powerful force. Pharoah Sanders says Om and it is "more radical than sit-ins." But that's a secret that the thieves must never know.

As black people get more and more into themselves, they will likewise alienate those who once identified with them, for they will no longer need those masked men. Their music will be even more alienating, for it will move farther and farther into a world which white people, no matter how hip, will never understand. And the music that drips onto the open eyes of the white market will be constructed out of the need for the money that must be gotten: Eartha Kitt coming out against the war in front of the Whores of the West, or Jimi Hendrix getting a new set of teeth. And if black people move away from that sickly gray middle class life, how they gonna get the money to listen to this music. So it then becomes the responsibility of the musician to take his art to those he believes should be listening.

Jones is speaking about some important sounds. His writing is pure and full of strong-armed fire-words. Run if you're scared, but there comes a time when everyone must stop and see where he has come to, and gone from.

The confrontation is here; unless we clear the shit away, LeRoi is right. We're on the wrong side and we're trapped. Those who eat magic have no right to exist. As Jones says to his people, "The most complete change is a spiritual change." Read this book. Many of you will not have what he lays down, but you have no choice: you are in no position to argue.

BY HEYWOOD HAUT

Want to hear REAL blues? Sonny Boy, Big Mama, Lightning, Blind Boy Fuller, Clifton Chenier, Bukka White, etc.??? A stamp brings our complete LP catalog. ARHOLIE - Box 9195 Berkeley, Cal. 94179. Rice Miller lives!!



## Pinnacle:

"People in Los Angeles are on the verge of finding a new life-style for themselves," says Marc Chase of Pinnacle. "We are helping by providing an area for them to get together, to smile, and enjoy themselves. This creates a lot of energy."

Pinnacle is three young men in Los Angeles: Chase, Sepp Donohower, and John Van Hamersveld. It has been the force behind many of the top dance-concerts in Los Angeles during the past six months.

Run like dances at the Fillmore or Avalon, and using the huge Los Angeles Shrine Exposition Hall, Pinnacle shows have featured Jimi Hendrix, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Buffalo Springfield and, most recently, the Cream. Several relatively unknown groups from Los Angeles and San Francisco have also appeared.

The success which seems to have been achieved with the Hendrix and Cream concerts wasn't easy. Chase cited the unpredictability of the Los Angeles music scene, the geographical spread of potential audiences, and the lack of the "spiritual, communal" feeling of San Francisco as barriers to the success of dance-concert shows in the south.

It has been difficult to create an audience not only for big name acts but simply for Pinnacle shows, regardless of who is playing—the kind of audience the Family Dog has in San Francisco.

In an effort to bring people together, create a following, and "put out a lot of good music," Pinnacle has been staging shows no more than every other week. Thus light shows and planning are more carefully worked out, advertising in the large metropolitan area is more effective, and the available talent is not drawn out too thin.

A recent show by Jimi Hendrix, the Electric Flag and Blue Cheer was done in concert form.

"The show was well organized, tight, and operated under pressure," explained Chase. "It was more a staged theatrical event, which is appropriate to Hendrix's act. The lighting was done on cue, and the audience were all seated. It was a big success and we hope to try this again."

Pinnacle brought Blue Cheer to Los Angeles for the first time. They also hope to work with new Los Angeles groups, such as Pacific Gas and Electric, giving them exposure in the third spot on a show with top bands.

Chase is very enthusiastic about the acceptance of bluesmen such as James Cotton, which he attributes to the discerning nature and good taste of the audiences.

At the Friday Cream concert, the Cotton Blues Band found an intense rapport with the audience, who ended up screaming and reaching for Cotton like some young pop star.

"This feeling for blues is due to the success of top white blues bands such as the Cream," suggested Chase. "They have drawn the audience with them to the roots of their music. It is no longer only the white blues musicians who appreciate Otis Rush and Albert King and Buddy Guy. The audience can sense the honesty of these performers and they dig it."

Pinnacle has posters made to be given away at the concerts, a light show run by students in the film schools at USC and UCLA, and a sophisticated advertising campaign on KPPC-FM and the AM rock stations.

Rather than one-minute spots to advertise the shows, Chase and Donohower have devised two-to-five minute dialogues which, among other things, discuss the upcoming show. These tapes are similar to Congress of Wonders routines.

Financial support for Pinnacle originally came from several anonymous backers who Chase and Donohower convinced of the certain success of dance-concert in Los Angeles. Now the money is coming from ticket sales, which ran nearly 12,000 for two nights by the Cream.

"We will always be experimenting" Chase concluded. "San Francisco set the standards for what makes a good dance-concert. A spectacular band alone is no longer good enough. People want to know who is with them. Now we can be safe in doing what we want with our shows, and still know that we have an audience for dances."

"The music is heavy and the people are heavy. Something is happening here and we are part of it, helping it along its natural course as much as we can."

BY STEVE GLAZIER



Opening Night Scene

## Kaleidoscope:

Los Angeles now has its own Avalon-Fillmore-Winterland scene. The much-heralded and anxiously awaited Kaleidoscope opened in spacious quarters the end of last month on the Sunset Strip and it was declared a roaring success by hip L.A.

There were three bands (Jefferson Airplane, Canned Heat and Fever Tree), a nearly 360-degree light show, short speeches from Mama Cass and Chet Helms, and just before the Airplane came on, balloons and streamers dropped from the ceiling while a live elephant crossed on the club's revolving stage and the largest public address system outside Radio City Music Hall filled the room with Handel's "Messiah."

It was, for owners John Hartmann, Skip Taylor and Gary Essert, the culmination of 18 months of work. Hartmann says he was first turned on to the total environment club scene at Winterland in October, 1966. From that time on, he said, he and his partners worked toward building the same atmosphere in Los Angeles.

Their first attempts to open a club last summer proved disastrous. They lost their first location due to neighborhood pressures and for weeks after that staged occasional dance-concerts wherever they could find a friendly landlord. Then the Kaleidoscope "turned off" until acquiring the rights to the Hullabaloo (formerly the Moulin Rouge) early this year.

When the "Kaleidofolk" moved in, there were, in Hartmann's words, "18 pages of building code violations." But with money from New York investors, the place was completely revamped.

A \$21,000, 1100-watt, 10-channel full stereo system was installed—including eight-channel stereo mastering, a quarter-mile-long steel-plated echo chamber and a \$2,400 Ampex tape recorder for synthetic echo-verb.

The panoramic light show, with

three projection booths, was set up to project film, slides and liquid light on a 10,500-square-foot muslin scrim 33 feet high.

The dozen or so tiers of the club, once used for tables and chairs, were torn apart and reassembled to provide a carpeted section close to the stage for those who want to sit and watch, a higher dance floor behind it.

These are the statistics. What is more important is the atmosphere that was created. If the sound system needed fine tuning and some of the carpentry was not yet complete opening night, the vibrations were in perfect working order, and all good.

The Airplane, who had been at Winterland when Hartmann and Taylor first visited San Francisco and who eight months later had been top-billed at Kaleidoscope's first dance venture in L.A., played the March opening for about 10 per cent of their normal fee. Reason: they wanted to see it finally happen in L.A.

Free apples were distributed (a la the Fillmore) and food and soft drink prices were what they should be—low. Door charge Friday and Saturday nights is \$3, with a \$2.50 tab for Sunday's concerts.

The club has already been booked through April, mixing "name" groups with "local" acts. Among those set are Bo Diddley, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Fugs, Clear Light, H. P. Lovecraft, Youngbloods, Genesis, Spirit, James Cotton Blues Band, Peanut Butter Conspiracy, Mint Tatoo, Crumbs, Flaming Groovies, Evergreen Blueshops, Travel Agency, Fourth Way and a group called, coincidentally, the Kaleidoscope.

Wednesday night at the club will be movie night. One dollar will cover admission to screenings of *What's New, Pussycat?*, *The Maltese Falcon*, *Help!* and *Ballad of a Soldier*, to name only a few of the bookings. Thursday night will be "Kaleidofreak"—live performances from theatrical to vaudeville to circus acts.

The club's capacity is 1,468.

BY JERRY HOPKINS



## Da Doo Ron Ron:

The other day I flashed on an album that should but never will be released, an album combining the greatest hits of the Ronettes with the greatest hits of the Shangri-las, the two most unbelievable rock groups that ever existed. They were the archetypes of a significant part of America at that time. They were the tough, whorish females of the lower class, female Hell's Angels who had about them an aura of brazen sex. The Ronettes were Negro-Puerto Rican hooker types with long black hair and skin tight dresses revealing their well-shaped but not quite Tina Turner behinds. And their songs, "Do I Love You," "Da Doo Ron Ron" and the rest, were not about holding hands in the park, not about puppy love, but about sex.

"You kissed me and it felt like a punch." What a line that was, with its obvious sado-masochism and connotations of black net stockings and raised skirts. Telling it like it was. Ronnette records should have been sold under the counter along with girlie magazines and condoms.

And the background to their songs, the heavy Spector effect, thumping, pounding, chanting "let's go to bed," the drums and bass screaming "fuck" over and over.



## Pancho Pappalardi - - -

The Shangri-las, the white whore types with their high boots, when high boots were only worn by toughs and hustlers, and their skin-hugging blue jeans, faded and well-worn. And even more incredible were their songs. "Leader of the Pack" about a motorcycle hood and she's his girl and you know that he balls her every day . . . then that tragic ending: he dies and she's left without a protector.

Really too much.

And the follow-up. "When I say I'm in love, you best believe I'm in love, I-u-v." White blondes trying to be tougher and funkier than spade chicks. And the questions from that song. "What color are his eyes?" "I don't know, he's always wearing shades." "How does he dance?" "Close, real close."

Dirtier and filthier than Ronnettes and girlie magazines, this is stag movies about fellatio and Hell's Angel's branding their women. It's everything we deplore and idolize. It's the new car and the new stove, Mr. and Mrs. John Doe in the back seat of his car while they were going together in high school, All American kid trying to feel his date's breasts during the drive-in movie while *Ben Hur* or *The Ten Commandments* is playing. It's high school chicks coming to school without panties on and then dropping out of school when they get knocked up. It's sex in America.

So now we have Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix doing the same stuff but how come Mama Cass isn't shaking it down and inviting people in? How come Grace Slick and Janis Joplin really aren't that sexy? And how come Nancy Sinatra, who comes out with nowhere music, is?

What is going on when it's Mick Jagger, instead of Marianne Faithfull, who sings "Let's Spend the Night Together"? What would happen if Grace Slick starred in a stag movie? Then would everything be all right? Who's better in bed, Tina Turner, Janis Joplin or Brenda Lee? Is there a female equivalent of "fag rock"? Have you ever seen Little Eva naked? The answers to the above questions just may be important.

BY RICHARD FANNAN



Pappalardi

### Pancho Felix:

One of the most sought-after musicians around these days is Felix Pappalardi, a 26-year-old producer-arranger with a Pancho Villa mustache and Harpo Marx hair. Right now his public following is limited to a few thousand rock and roll fans who study the small print on the back of albums, but inside the music industry his reputation has been soaring over the last few months.

"We wouldn't think of recording with anybody else," says Ginger Baker of the Cream. Pappalardi is listed as the producer on the best-selling second Cream album, *Disraeli Gears*, and he'll be listed the same way on their third LP, which is now in the works. But he's an unusual kind of producer, and might better be described as "conductor."

At a recent recording session with the Cream at Atlantic's studios in New York, it was plain to see that Pappalardi, unlike many producers today, doesn't really care for electronic gimmicks or special effects.

He left the technical production completely up to the recording engineer, Tom Dowd, and immersed himself in the music. Pappalardi, Baker, Dowd and bass player Jack Bruce sat in a row in the control room for two hours with two six-packs of beer, guiding Eric Clapton through the vocal track on "Anyone for Tennis." Pappalardi never once issued an order, but spun out a dozen small, crucial suggestions — changing a couple of words to smooth a transition, altering the melody to cut out a clumsy phrasing.

That done, he and Jack Bruce went into the studio to work on some cello passages for the breaks between the verses. Bruce made up a little tune and tried it a few times, but the tone was too heavy—the song is a lilting piece of social satire and the cello muddled it by bringing in echoes of "Eleanor Rigby."

What to do? Pappalardi brought in an ocarina and made the solo a duet, and things started to lilt again. "I play on all my records," he says with a trace of pride, adding that he can play just about "anything that plays."

The viola was his specialty ten years ago when he graduated from the High School of Music and Art in New York. Later he concentrated on the trumpet while majoring in music at NYU, and then moved on to study conducting at the University of Michigan. He returned to New York five years ago during Greenwich Village's folk music explosion, and like so many other serious young musicians of the 60's, got hooked on folk music, then the Beatles and now the Cream.

Pappalardi's strength as a producer and arranger seems to be directly tied in with this diverse background. He's gotten into nearly every variety of Western music, and his musical vocabulary is now close to unlimited. The ocarina on "Anyone for Tennis" was no lucky stab, and neither was the celeste he plays in his arrangement for "Morning, Morning" on Richie Havens' first album, *Mixed Bag*. That gentle, tinkling keyboard sound is just exactly the thing to make Havens' rough, unpretty voice work on a pretty song.

Other ingredients in Pappalardi's success are energy and tenacity. He's a man who loves to work, and it shows up; he's willing to keep adding tracks to a song until it's really complete, and in addition he seems to have the knack of stopping just when an arrangement has hit its saturation point. By that time it's rich and rounded, dense but clear. Nearly everything on *Disraeli Gears* sounds that way (Billboard described it as "wall-to-wall rock"). But even clearer illustrations of Pappalardi's technique can be heard on the Youngbloods' two albums for RCA Victor.

For example, try listening to "Don't Play Games" on the *Earth Music* album. It's an intricate blend of single and double-tracked vocal, several drum styles (including Caribbean), bass, guitar, and electric piano, plus a string section that doesn't move in until the start of the instrumental break. It's a complex, constantly shifting and constantly growing sound—two minutes and 19 seconds of real organic development.

Pappalardi's string arrangement here is particularly notable, partly because he uses it to change the character of the song in mid-stream, and also because of the particular way he uses the violins, putting them up front with a brilliant, hard-edged tone that isn't generally used in rock. It's the complete opposite of the usual soft, foam-rubber string background — much more like Antonio Vivaldi than Phil Spector.

In short, Felix Pappalardi is expanding the range of possibilities in pop music, and doing it in a very natural fashion, without gimmicks or pretensions. It's hard to imagine that he'll be copied much, as his style is wildly eclectic, original and quirky. But his work may well set some new standards for musical complexity and sophistication.

BY TOM PHILLIPS

## FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE BUNKY & JAKE





## RECORDS:



*A Long Time Comin'*, The Electric Flag, An American Music Band (Columbia CS9597).

Nobody who's been listening to Mike Bloomfield—either talking or playing—in the last few years could have expected this. This is the New Soul Music, the synthesis of White Blues and Heavy Metal Rock. "Groovin' is easy" with the Flag and their anti-Motown Background Shoeshine Quartet, their "American Music."

The album is not spectacular. It's good, truthful. The Flag are honest imitators as well as innovators. Nothing they do can be attributed to any one singular source. Nick Gravenites sings to himself but it's OK. The band isn't as tight as expected. I get the feeling Bloomfield's not quite sure if the group is kosher like this: he senses there can be no dualism in music or anything else.

*A Long Time Comin'* is suspended in a blues-soul limbo, working feverishly to figure itself out.

After a lead-in by LBJ ("I speak tonight for the dignity of man.") is drowned out in laughter, the Flag mobilize into "Killing Floor," a blues number distinguished mainly by Bloomfield's singing guitar; Gravenite's vocal is partially lost under the horn riffs and since it's the first cut on the album I was impatient to hear

Bloomfield get into something. This isn't one of the more remarkable tracks on the record. "Groovin' Is Easy" starts out sounding like the Left Banke backed by Little Anthony and the Imperials. But then Bloomfield does some Beatles-to-bagpipes phrasing that splits up the piece admirably. It ends with a repeating soul chorus shuffling off to Berry Gordyland.

"Over Lovin' You" is a beautiful, driving screamer highlighted by a vocal incarnation of James Brown and Stevie Wonder. It was written by Bloomfield and Barry Goldberg, who is heard here on organ but has since left the group. "She Should Have Just" is a mellow-down-easy blues with a break to some harsh rock chording reminiscent of Hendrix on "Foxy Lady." "Wine" is an old "Rock-Around-the-Clock" type Bill Haley-ish number sung well by Gravenites and annotated briefly but superbly at the finish by Bloomfield. Towards the end Gravenites refers to Janis Joplin (of Big Brother) and her knowing all about "socking that wine."

But the entire complex of the record changes on side two. It leads off with "Texas," a slow, distinct blues of the sort that Bloomfield is so comfortable in. There aren't any gimmicks in this piece. Bloomfield knows what he's doing here—his lead is so well thought out you realize he's played it fifty million times before and was anxious to get it across on this record.

The highlights of the album are the next two cuts. "Sittin' In Circles," another Barry Goldberg composition, is supported by strings and strong brass accompaniment. It's an outstanding piece—the tightest on the record—and the lyrics, unlike those of most of the other selections, are honest. But on "You Don't Realize," which is "dedicated with great respect to Steve Cropper and Otis Redding," the Flag reach their highest level. The song deals with woman's responsibility and what her actions really mean to her man. It comes across as a testament befitting the

homage to Otis Redding. The song seems written for Redding—a pleading, heart-wrenching version of "Dock of the Bay."

"Another Country" gives dramatic evidence of the balance the Flag have. Gravenites' vocal warrants a more than cursory comparison with Bugsy Maugh of Butterfield's band. (Listen to "Drivin' Wheel" on the *Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw* album). The number is interrupted by a cacophony of distorted noises, mostly indecipherable—the whole thing is really unnecessary. The piece once again breaks into the main theme after a magnificent Bloomfield solo—the first time on the record he appears to get into something and out of the balanced mold of the group. Even the horns sound better here because they're being used to a fuller capacity and not constrained to rattling off disciplined rhythm accompaniment.

The last fifty seconds are devoted to a sweet, willowy, unaccompanied Bloomfield rendering of "Easy Rider" that is absolutely beautiful. I would have loved to hear him go on with it.

All in all, the debut of The Electric Flag is strangely stultifying. You realize how much the band has to offer, how much golden potential is trying to find a way to manifest itself properly into the open.

When they are finally able to channel the diverse forms of "American Music": (heard) in the air, on the air, in the streets; the blues, soul, country, rock, religious music, traffic, crowds, street sounds and field sounds, the sounds of people and silence as Mike Bloomfield intends to do, it will be a magnificent testament to their composite musical genius. To borrow from Ouspensky, The Flag are "in search of the miraculous." The first evidence of this, *A Long Time Comin'* is only slightly overwhelming.

BARRY GIFFORD

It should be pointed out that songs credited to "R. Polte" are actually compositions of Nick Gravenites.



*Gorilla Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band* (Imperial LP 12370)

The Great British Invasion of American Pop, so sensational when it began four and a half years ago, has now quietly reached such a degree of fulfillment that there are virtually no barriers left between English and American contemporary rock. It's mighty hard to pick out any peculiarly British elements in such new acts as the Soft Machine or Jimmie James & the Vagabonds. But now this album comes along to forcefully remind us that there are still things, good things, that the British are into and we aren't. The American listener must have a very open mind to perceive *Gorilla* for the very good album it is.

Perhaps a little history might help. There has flourished for many years in England a kind of music called "Trad," most of whose inspiration sprang from American Dixieland jazz. Trad (short for traditional) gave us two international single hits a decade or so ago, "Petite Fleur" by Chris Barber and "Midnight in Moscow" by Kenny Ball. More recently there has been a trend away from strict Dixieland, toward the integration of other idioms from the 1920's, the result being valued for its trippiness rather than for its conformity to any set stylistic values. A landmark was the *Temperance Seven* album produced in 1961 by George Martin, released in the U.S.



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on Kapp KL-1287. Later came the New Vaudeville Band, streaming the idiom and integrating it with a rock beat. And now we have Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band, which brings to the Trad idiom many of the most modern advances in contemporary musical construction and recording techniques, as well as a heady dose of zany Pop Art.

If you buy hit 45's you may already have in your collection a piece of music very similar to what's on this album. Play the flip side of "Mighty Quinn." Bonzo Dog is very much in the same bag, only slicker and faster-moving. What Bonzo Dog has done with Trad can be well compared with what Kweskin's Jug Band has done with American folk idioms. Both get a lot of flashes from the introduction of modern musical and verbal ideas (especially about turning on) into old musical idioms. But Bonzo Dog is more free-wheeling (albeit less subtle and tasteful) than Kweskin. Though there are very few electric sounds, textures are mixed almost freely as with The Mothers. (It should be pointed out, by the way, that mixed textures were a constant feature of pop arrangements in the 1920s.)

There are a couple of brief departures from the strict Trad bag on this album. "Piggy Bank Love" is a modern rock tune that is not bad but is very out of place, adding little to the album. "Death-Cab for Cutie" is much better. It is set in the idiom of early rock, and the interpolation of rather grim modern ideas is very reminiscent of The Mothers, though more lightweight in every aspect.

As for the rest of the album, it ranges from relatively unsophisticated instrumental free-for-alls in the style of Spike Jones (who was getting pretty trippy himself back in the 1940's) to "Look Out, There's a Monster Coming," a song fully worthy of The Who, to which Bonzo Dog brings all it has to offer in clever arrangement.

The whole album is lightweight, but very together, very hip, and excellent technically. It won't be every-

one's cup of tea, but for the broad-minded listener it can be really incredible escape music. Recording and disc mastering are excellent, and there is a delightful Pop Art booklet inside the album.

BARRET HANSEN



The United States of America (Columbia CS 9614)

The group here recorded is the brainchild of Joseph Byrd, whose previous accomplishments have enlivened the Los Angeles underground scene for some time. Some kind of born leader, he has directed a remarkable series of "happenings" given at UCLA, one of the first West Coast blues bands (early 1966), and the Los Angeles New Left School (where this writer once taught a course on the history of rock, having to keep the records low so as not to interfere with the Marxism II course next door). This group, in occasional live performances around L.A., has drawn its enthusiastic following from a New Left-intellectual crowd more than from the usual rock-hip audience.

Equipped with Byrd's own keyboard work, a female vocalist, an electric violin, fretless electric bass, drums, and tape machine (Look Ma, No Guitar!) the U.S.A. plays a challengingly complex brand of art-rock. Though there is little overt use of classical musical idioms, these rock

songs are organized and performed in a very classical manner; this is the only "underground" group I know of that reads its parts from score when performing live. But they really make it come off; those who come to know the group by this record may be quite startled to discover that the live performances contain everything that is on the disc, including effects.

Some of these electronic and semi-electronic sounds are very beautiful and even emotional; those at the very end of the record especially so. Others are pure gimmickry. But what I find most satisfying about the U.S.A.'s music is the song material. The tunes are infectious, the harmonies adventurous yet eminently satisfying. And the lyrics (which Columbia has wisely printed on the jacket) are the best thing of all. America is told where it's at, uncompromisingly but without viciousness. "Stranded in Time" is a most sympathetic but most unsentimental song about growing old. "The American Way of Love" expresses much the same sentiments as the Mothers' "Brown Shoes Don't Make It," but more gently, and with far more lyricism. There is a really uncommon quality of lyricism throughout the album, including the thankfully apolitical "Love Chant for the Dead Chc."

Yet with all these things going for it, this first album falls short of being really satisfying. Mainly I think it's because the strictly technical abilities of the U.S.A. are not quite on a level with their ideas. The voices are flat and uninteresting, showing little technical or interpretive power. The instruments perform their assigned tasks adroitly, but all too mechanically. Only one short passage really gets into an instrumental groove—the beginning of "American Way of Love," which also has the electric violin sounding uncannily like a post-Clapton guitar.

Obviously the U.S.A. is mainly into idea-rock. And the ideas are fantastic, but without interpretive power to match, the resulting music is cold and cerebral. Like so much 20th-century classical music. Too bad, because there is much happening here that should be spread far beyond the limited number of people who will really dig this album.

BARRET HANSEN

## Correspondence

Continued from Page 3—

cannot help but think that he is just a bit too personally involved with some of the artists who have not been asked to appear at the Fillmore. I would be the first to admit that not everything we have presented has been of the highest caliber; but sometimes, as in the case of the Warhol mess, I felt it important to present just that—for I felt that Mr. Warhol's statement on stage was related to the plight of our times — negativism — and, therefore, important to present. I am sure that there are artists that should have been presented here that have not been. Our viewpoint is not one based simply on monetary principles, but rather on the fact that we sincerely do the very best we can in presenting as varied an artistic program as possible. You cannot book simply what you like, or what you think the public will like, without giving regard to the draw-power of the artists involved. There must be a balance in booking, based on talent plus drawpower. It is impossible to book great quality—no draw-power type of acts on a continual basis unless that is done with a very heavy headliner. It's been tried, many times, "and the nice guys always finish last."

Alas, the key is to put the quality no-draw with the quality heavy-draw and hope that the one will be heard as a result of being on the same bill with the headliner who is responsible for the people being in attendance.

BILL GRAHAM  
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## The New Byrds Try Country

—Continued from Page 6

The album is planned as a two-record, 22-tune package, with the Byrds taking music from early bluegrass through what Roger terms "pure electronic music." The tunes recorded in Nashville will fill the first part of the package—among them Woodie Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd"; Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" and "Nothing Was Delivered"; "I'm a Pilgrim" and "Pretty Polly," both public domain; Tim Hardin's "Reputation" and two by Graham Parsons, "Hickory Wind" and "Lazy Day." (Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" is set for a single release.) And although they took their Hollywood producer, Gary Usher, to Nashville with them, the Byrds used local musicians (notably on steel guitar) in the sessions and Kevin played "hog snare drum."

The set performed at Ciro's was, admittedly, an unusual one—created in part of nostalgia. After all, it was here the group started, and many of those present wanted to hear the old hits. So what happened was those in attendance heard two groups, the "old" and the "new."

The set was begun with "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere," played in country style. In this song and on all other "country" tunes played that night they were joined by a man known as J. D., sitting in on steel guitar. The second number was equally Nashville in orientation.

And then, quite suddenly, came a song from their first album, "Chimes of Freedom," and for the rest of the evening they alternated songs from the heady past ("Mr. Tambourine Man," "Eight Miles High," "He Was a Friend of Mine," etc.) with something they'd recorded more recently. The sounds were distinct and at times it seemed as if two groups were playing, not one. Except, of course, there was Roger's unmistakable voice and Chris' imaginative yet basic bass line throughout.

The material was different, surely, but so was the technique and effect. The Byrds, as Roger said, are tighter now. They appear secure in the country milieu. And what vocal force they lack in doing their old material—losing Gene Clark and David Crosby has made its mark—they gained with Graham Parsons in the new material. Graham sings often and he sings well, sharing "lead voice" with Roger. Chris, too, has added dimension to his voice and provides an important part of the vocal sound.

However "country" the new Byrds may sound, Roger insists this isn't really the sort of group they are. Only the tunes cut in Nashville will reflect this much country feeling, he said. The rest of the album is to be recorded in Los Angeles and much of it will be "contemporary."

"We're not going to be doing electronic music just for the sake of doing it," Roger said. "Nor will we be doing what others have already done."

Roger said this element of their sound eventually will be part of their concert sound. He said the group has ordered a synthesizer for use in live performances.

The "new" Byrds are here—tighter both musically and personally. They may become five in number again, adding a steel guitar. Roger said they were thinking about that. (And pictures of the group, which would include Graham Parsons, have not been taken yet—perhaps for that reason.)

The album is scheduled for a late spring or early summer release. Between 25 and 30 tunes will be cut, Roger said, with the final selection based on what happens.

"We don't have a title for the album yet," he said. "That'll come in time. And it probably will have something to say about time—backward, forward, something—because the music we're doing will cover a lot of time."

## POLITICAL ORGANIZERS HIT ROCK

—Continued from Page 1

weeks, the television networks and the newspapers have manufactured a period of national mourning for Martin Luther King, Jr. Shattering though this tragedy was, I am convinced that it meant little or nothing to the majority of American people.

But the example that is most directly relevant to the "Yip Party"—and what caused their creation of a purely fictional group, "Yippies"—is what went down around the Haight-Ashbury last summer.

Somebody had held a press conference and announced that 200,000 people were expected to migrate to San Francisco with flowers in their hair. The whole shuck began and ended with that press conference; at the end of the summer, when less than 20,000 had showed and the whole idea of "hippies" had become a patent joke, these same people had the audacity to call a celebration for the "Death of the Hippies," an event they began by calling a press conference, and declaring that the death was caused by "media."

The point is this: it doesn't matter what the papers say—for or against you—just as long as they say something and spell your name right.

First Rubin wrote a series of articles for the various underground papers around the country, taking advantage of their peculiar paranoid gullibility for conspiracy and anxiety for this prima facie desirable goal. Among other things, Rubin wrote, in defining a "Yippie" that "The yippie is not busy working within the system or trying to explain his actions to the Establishment or the middle-class mentality."

Yet in speaking to an open meeting of "Yip Party" organizers, Rubin brought up the matter of their first press conference: "The Hotel Roosevelt has turned us down on the grounds that we're too controversial. The Community Church has offered us a hall for free, which is an advantage, because normally we'd have to pay about \$100 for a hotel, but I'm afraid we'd lose about forty percent of the press if we used such a downbeat location."

And someone in the meeting objected: "There's nothing wrong with the Community Church. Why give the money to the enemy when we can get a place for free and spend it in the community."

And Rubin replied, "Oh, for God's sake. This is our first press conference. It's important. We should have it at some formidable place. This just isn't an East Village thing—these write-ups will bring all kinds of kids into the movement."

The press conference was held at the Hotel Americana. They got their write-ups and now—from nothing—they exist.

But what is most subtle—and the most definite proof of all—is the language they speak and the articles they have written. They are trying desperately to be hip, futilely to be groovy. They want a happening, a festival. So they have announced, in numbered items, that this will happen and then that will happen. And it is a travesty, because those who do not know any better will believe them, and the established press will write, as they have, that the Yip Party "has to be given attention. For the past several years they have set the tone in American music, writing, painting and smoking." And this is because the reporters for whom the Jerry Rubins of this world hold press

conferences do not understand the differences. For them, anyone who is against the war is a "hippie" and any one with long hair is a "demonstrator."

The Yip Party has manipulated the media into making them a reality, and they must now manipulate the potent symbol of music, they must get the rock and roll figures if any substantial number of people are going to turn up. Nobody is going to go to Chicago in the middle of the summer to hear Jerry Rubin deliver one of his endless speeches, but they will go if it is going to be a music festival, if it's going to be like Monterey.

But the whole thing has been set-up to be totally unlike Monterey. The Yip Party has made a great deal of what celebrities have "pledged" to come. Those four or five are symbolized by the Fugs, Timothy Leary and Phil Ochs: one is an old-style



group with little popularity and little place in the new music. Another is a "name brand" leader who wore out his welcome when he tried to become a leader and has now lost his relevance; and another is an old political protest singer who has changed his clothes, his hair, his record company and his instruments but is still an old political protest singer.

The music personalities they have so far form a very suspect list. At least one of the bands they claim has accepted their invitation has in fact refused it. The others, besides the Fugs and Phil Ochs, are Country Joe and the Fish, Janis Ian, Judy Collins and the USA. We cannot even assume that these performers (Country Joe says he probably will not go) are even planning to show, such is the reckless nature of the Yippie hype. Rubin has also invited the Monkees and the Smothers Brothers. That is where he is at.

Rock and roll is the only way in which the vast but formless power of youth is structured, the only way in which it can be defined or inspected. The style and meaning of it has caught the imagination, the financial power and the spiritual interest of millions of young people.

It is indeed so powerful and full of potential as all that, and more. It has its own unique meaning, its own unique style and its own unique morality. And as difficult as it is for even the most knowledgeable and literate observers to define and explain it (and "if you have to keep asking why, you'll never understand"), it is nonetheless there and it is slowly taking an actionable form.

(What makes it even more significant in this day is that the musical nature of it means that ten million

middle class white kids are relating to the Negro, through his music, in a way that all the dignitaries who finally had some kind words about Dr. King, never have and never will. To be sure, the answer is not as simple as that, but there is a great body of evidence that points that way, and it may be that it is indeed where the only possible solution lies.)

The spirit of rock and roll, hippies, LSD-users, or the new youth, or whatever catch-all phrase may be used to denote this mood (which can't properly be called a "movement"), wants no part of today's social structure, especially in its most manifestly corrupt form, politics, even "new left" politics, which is, after all, still politics.

Michael Rossman, a key figure in the Free Speech Movement, wrote a letter to Jerry Rubin recently. "FSM especially drove it home to us: if there is any ethical principle we can fix for our actions in this fractured time, it's that we must keep straight with our own, with those we speak for, lead or invite."

"The VDC (of which Rubin was the leader and symbol), despite its numerical glory, was humorless, unimaginative, unliberating and act-alike-as-if-led."

These are the things that that vague spirit of rock and roll stands against. These are the things the Beatles, Bob Dylan, and all the others who have been a part of the rock and roll experience, have never once been.

And Michael concluded his letter to Rubin, a long rambling remembrance about where politics had been and where it might go, with these words: "We will never create the mobile tactics of the heart."

The Yippie Party has taken on a groovy rhetoric (even though they still talk in terms of "media"). They have adopted a new set of symbols (a demonstration has become a "happening"), and they are after a new set of celebrities to attract some followers: musicians.

The style they have been desperately trying to become adept in is the style of the musicians, the style of rock and roll, because they want the power and the audience which it represents. But what they do not understand is that as surely as the Beatles, Bob Dylan, the Grateful Dead and scores of other rock and roll people have changed the face of popular music, become the de facto spokesman of youth, as surely as all that has happened, they have also brought with them new ideas, new approaches, new means and new goals.

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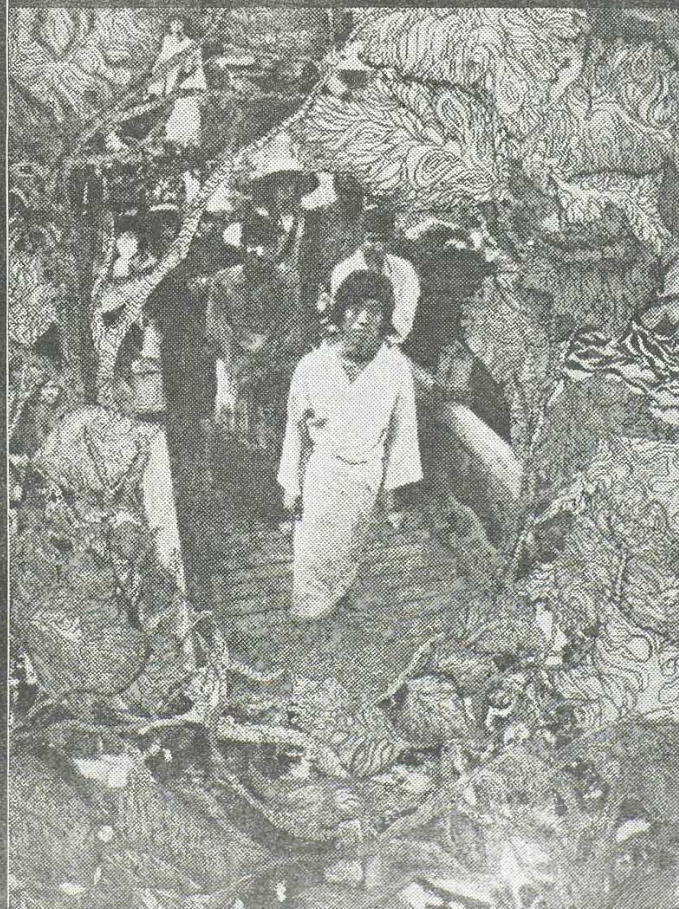
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